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OTHER WORLDS

By

Lena Jane Fry

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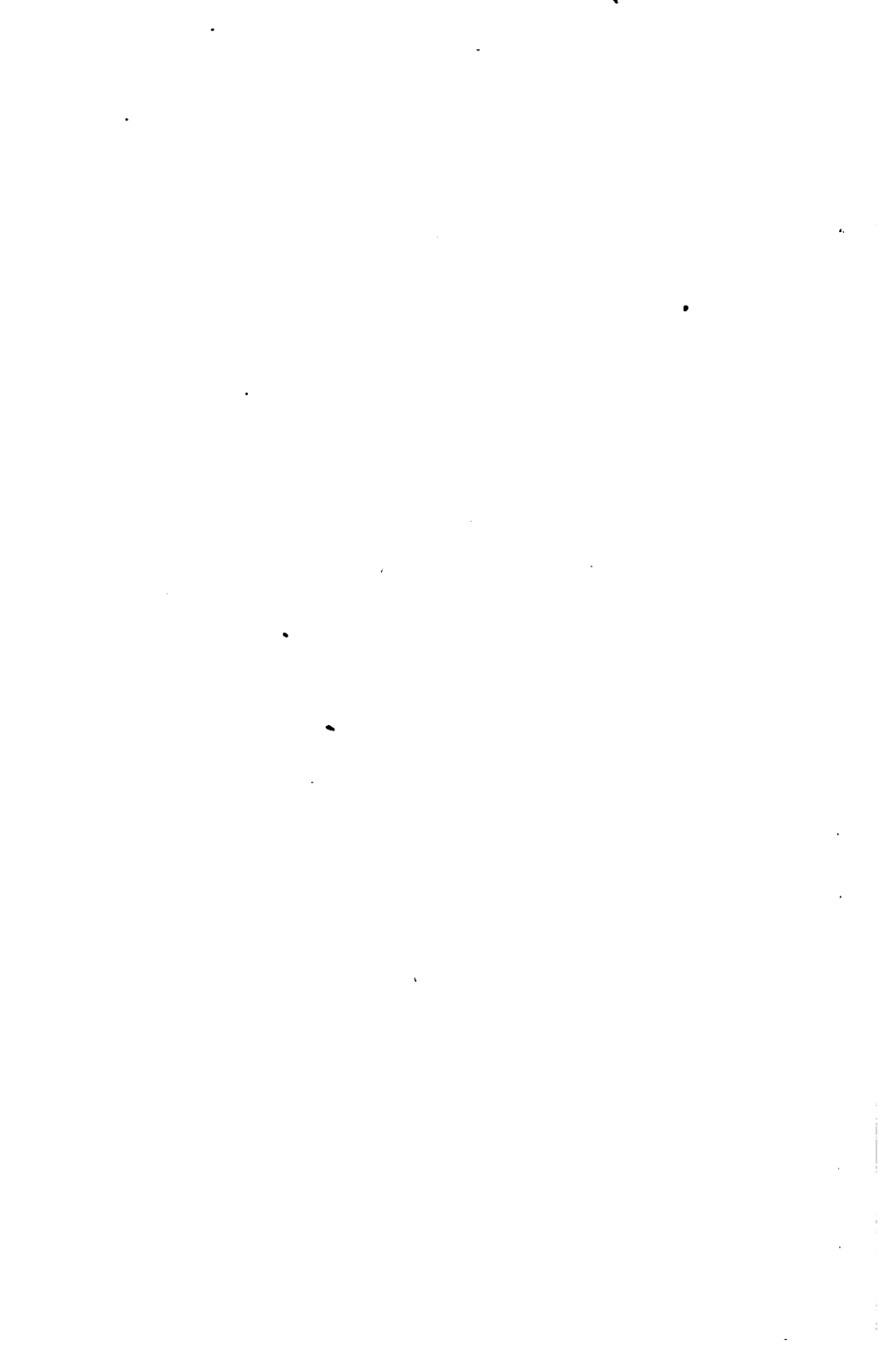








LENA JANE FRY.



OTHER WORLDS

A Story Concerning the Wealth Earned by
American Citizens and Showing How
It Can Be Secured to Them
Instead of to the Trusts

BY LENA JANE FRY

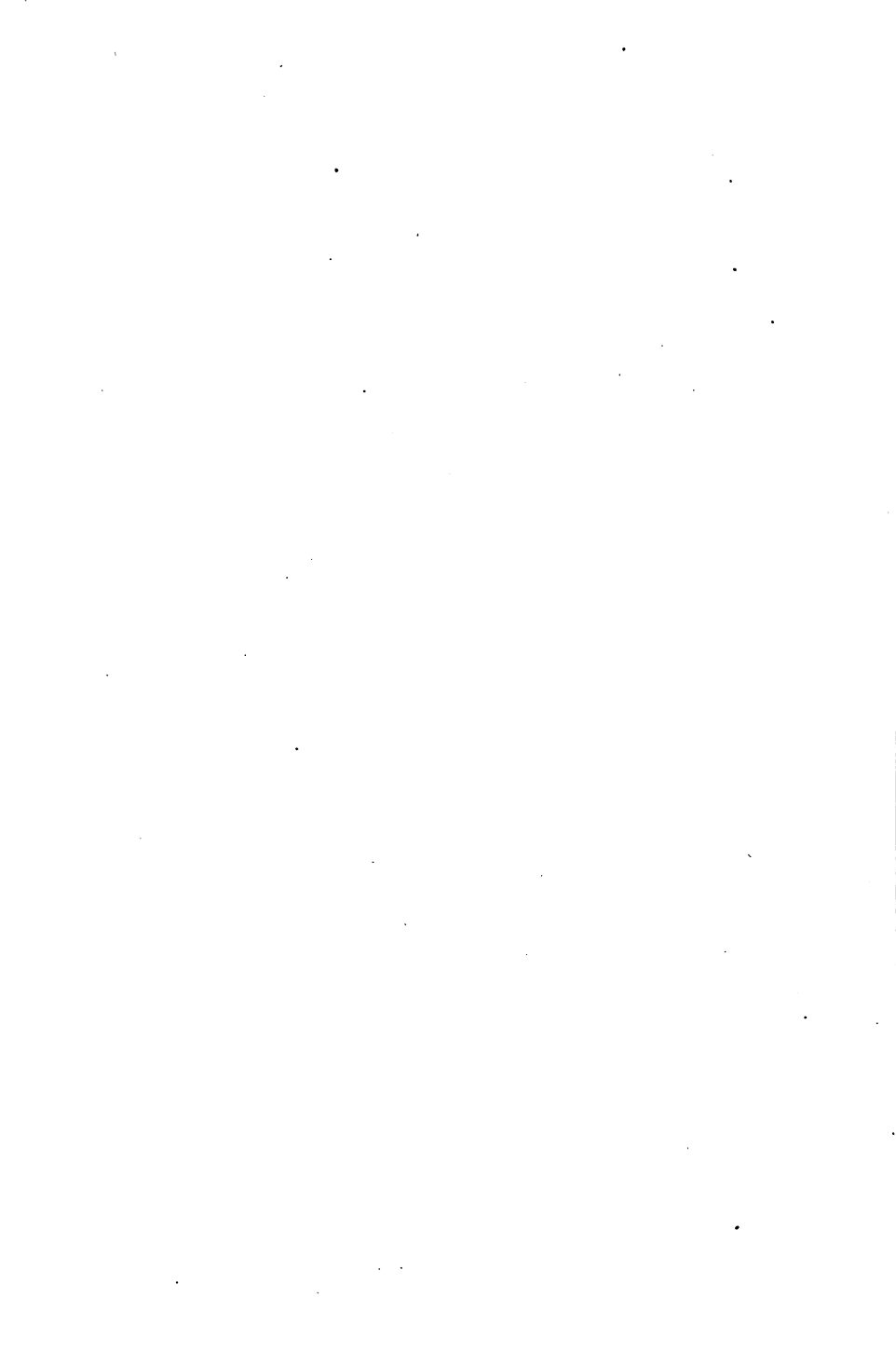
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BY LENA JANE FRY
CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS BOOK
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO
THREE OF AMERICA'S
BEST DAUGHTERS,
NENA N., BERTHA J., AND
KATHLEEN E. FRY.



INTRODUCTION.

In introducing myself to my readers I believe I can do no better than to insert the following clipping, taken from a recent newspaper; for I am answering the cry that is going out to those who are able to work out the problem, of finding employment for willing hands to do:

"THE RIGHT TO WORK."

Is there such a thing as the "right to work?" If so, why isn't it enforced on behalf of the great army of unemployed?

It does seem that there should be something for every willing pair of hands in this great country to do. We have unbounded, unmeasured natural resources. We have billions of idle wealth. Ought we not to have wisdom enough to bring the idle wealth and natural opportunities and the idle hands together?

Think of the suffering women and children who are cold and hungry because the husband and father cannot find work for his willing hands.

Think of this, you well-to-do, you statesman; yes, and you workingman.

Here is a black, horrid blemish on the Christian civilization of the Twentieth Century. To wipe it out is a work far grander in the possibilities of its results than to construct wonderful subways, build libraries and monuments or to perform any of the wonderful things of which we boast.

And, bear this in mind, if every man will do his duty by his fellow man, the time will come when the piteous cry, "I cannot find work," will be heard no more in this fair land.

You will see, as you read this book, that I believe—as do many others—that there are other worlds that are inhabited, as well as this; but that is not the point after all. This is a story taken from every day life as it is. Many events will be recognized, though no real characters have been given.

If my ideas are carried out, it means freedom to the oppressed. It means wealth for all industrious people, in fact, the society I picture in these pages will be able to confer not only wealth but honors upon all deserving members. All thinking people know that we are in the midst of the most awful crisis that this world has ever known; that the Trusts have us hemmed in on all sides, that we seem to be helpless. I say "seem to be," for we are not helpless, only stunned by the immense power which money has enabled the Trusts to use against us in taxing our necessities.

I have written this book believing I could give some practical ideas that will help to win the battle that is going against us as a people.

The Trusts are not our enemies in reality; they are only the whips that have been used to draw us into line and show us how to manage our affairs as a Nation instead of in the individual way, with its wasteful competition.

In all the ages past, when nations were menaced, a leader came to their aid; but in this age we need many leaders along many lines to take hold, for all people have been guilty of a crime that few even know was a crime.

It was money that gave the Trusts their power over us, and it was money that has been the root of evil in all the ages. It is hard to know when it was established as the world's idol, but as an Idol it rules the virtuous as well as the depraved. "Thou shalt have none other gods before Me," the Lord of Heaven has said. Down with the money Idol, or destruction shall fall on your head, we say as we look around and see the consequences of its power. It rules our lives, and is it necessary after all? is the subject upon which I have written.

I believe in justice to all, and I have written this book

because I have something to say in it that will help to bring prosperity for all.

I have done my best, and, if I have not done the best that can be done, my only wish is that others will take up the ideas I have given here, until all humanity can clasp hands and say: Thank the good power of united action that has shown us how to secure homes and our necessities independent of the money powers.

May all who read it, choose evolution and safety and not wait for war and its attending calamities that the money rulers are bringing, is my greatest wish.

HOW I HAPPENED TO WRITE "OTHER WORLDS."

'Twas evening. I was sitting in my parlor alone in the home,
 — not a soul was near.
 A strike was in full blast and had been for a year.
 Lives had been lost and mourners would weep
 As funerals passed slowly down the street.
 Watching at the window as a procession passed,
 Mentally I asked the question: how long O God! how long shall
 this thing last?

Is the Idol of the Nation—aye, the Idol of the earth—
 That thing, that is called money;—oh—is it of greater worth
 Than the creatures thou hast created?

Not knowing I had uttered a prayer, in the fullness of my heart
 I sat in the gloaming, and in time it became quite dark.
 I was resting—sitting passive—not even trying to think,
 When an angel stood before me! Perhaps 'twas—a dream; who
 knows?

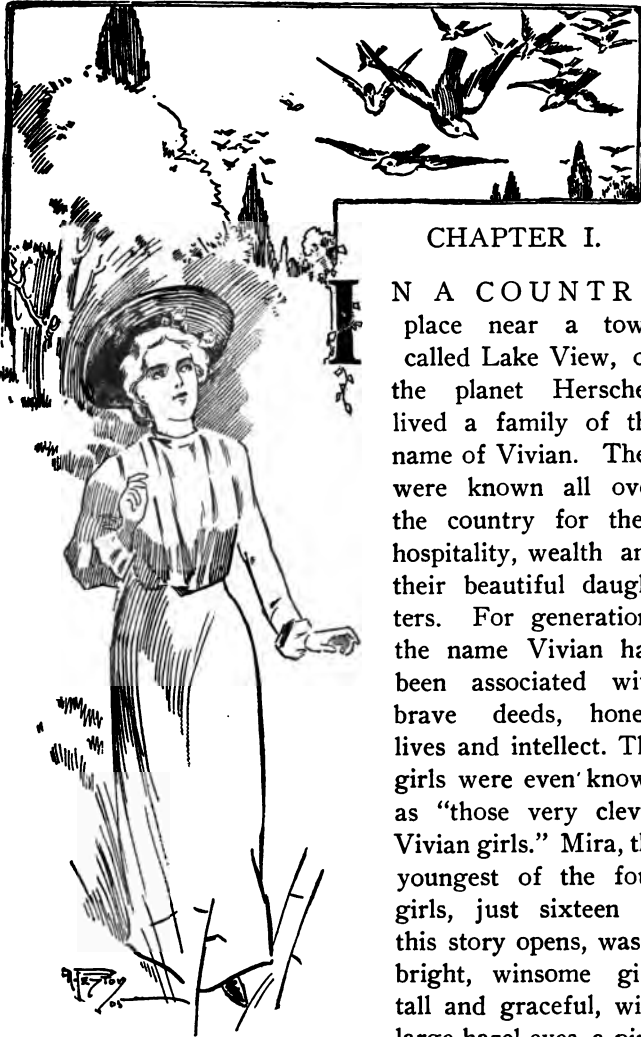
Who can tell when a dream commences or when we doze,
 Or when imagination creates a thing; if practical, why need we
 care?

To me it was a vision and the angel was most fair,
 As she pointed to the stars in the heavens, shining there:
 "They too, are worlds," she whispered, "struggling to the
 light,

Gaining wisdom by experience and power by their might.
 Go write and tell the world about them and how they won:



When powers and principalities
 seemed greater than the sun.
 This monster called 'money,' that all
 love so well;
 Has opened wide the very floodgates
 of hell,
 Until you have a toiling, struggling
 mass called humanity.
 Go, now, write the story; I bid you
 make haste
 For your homes are menaced! Your
 country will be laid waste
 By the Trusts who weave webs, as a
 spider to catch flies;
 The Nation may be throttled until it
 dies."



CHAPTER I.

IN A COUNTRY place near a town called Lake View, on the planet Herschel, lived a family of the name of Vivian. They were known all over the country for their hospitality, wealth and their beautiful daughters. For generations the name Vivian had been associated with brave deeds, honest lives and intellect. The girls were even known as "those very clever Vivian girls." Mira, the youngest of the four girls, just sixteen as this story opens, was a bright, winsome girl, tall and graceful, with large hazel eyes, a pink

and white complexion, and an abundance of golden hair.

On a bright autumn afternoon Mira was on the lawn watching the birds and listening to their clatter as they

collected in large numbers to take their yearly journey to a warmer climate. "How wise they are," she pondered; "though so small, they know more than the people do. Away they go to another part of the world. I wish I could go with them. I am so weary of always staying in one place." She gazed after them as they took their onward flight, and her mother, who had been watching her from the window, seemed to catch the thought, for she said aloud: "I am afraid, like the birds, she will soon be leaving me alone."

"Why, mother," said a young man, approaching her; "you are actually talking to yourself. I thought Helen or Mira was with you. I want one of them to go on the lake with me."

"Tom, look at Mira," the mother exclaimed. "She is quite grown up. I have never realized it till now. But before you call either of the girls, I want to talk to you about the society you young people have been organizing. The ideas are strange to me. When I was young, married women didn't take positions. Is it possible that you cannot support your wife?"

"Why, of course I could," the young man replied; "but when you were young you had no Trusts to absorb your income as we have in this generation. Nellie and I are dedicating ourselves to this undertaking. We intend to work together to free ourselves and all who join us from their tyranny."

"It is quite an undertaking," his mother replied. "I don't see how you are going to succeed without capital. It takes so much money now to start anything to what it did when your father was young, and he inherited the property."

"The world hasn't shrunk," Tom replied, "since father's time. The only difficulty is in our knowing how to

meet the situation in a new way. The industry of the masses in every way, is how wealth has been collected, and the people are as willing to work now as they ever have been. But here is Mira."

"Will you take a row with me, Mira?" he asks as she approaches them. "I will tell you all about the society, mother, when we come back. I want to rest my brain for a while out on the water. You don't mind, do you, mother?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," she replied; "there is time enough before you return to the city."

Mrs. Vivian, her eldest son Geron and his family, besides Mira, lived on the Vivian estate. The rest of the family had gone to the city to live, after their father died; as their wealth had decreased it was necessary. Tom was a lawyer; Libra had married a banker, and Scoris and Helen had employment. The next day the rest of the family arrived at the old homestead, for it was the mother's birthday.

The family dinner had been a success, and they had all assembled in the old-fashioned drawingroom for the evening. Old friends had been invited to meet the city members of the family, especially Tom, who at that time was making a change in the industrial life not well understood by his friends or some members of the family. The gentlemen in the party had grouped around Tom to hear about it, for it had been a surprise to them that he had set aside his profession to take up this new line of work, for he had been a successful lawyer for so young a man. In another corner of the room some of the ladies were discussing the fashions, while still another group had centered around Nellie, Tom's bride.

The room was long and this evening the music room doors had been thrown open on one side and the library

opening into it also by large doors afforded an opportunity for each group to converse without interrupting the other. Mira had not been noticed when she and Jack Moberly (an old acquaintance) had passed out on the lawn. He had something to tell her, he whispered. He was going away nearly two thousand miles. An old uncle had offered him a position superior to anything he could ever

expect if he stayed in Lake View. He wanted Mira to marry him and go, too.

"I cannot leave you," he said; and she in her inexperience thought she couldn't live without him. They knew her mother would never give her consent, for she had been heard to say that if a child of hers married under age she would break the marriage. No one had objected to Jack, but none had suspected the true state of affairs between him and Mira. She was so young.

They joined the rest of the family after a time and the evening passed, all having enjoyed the music and the singing, as well as the renewing of old friendships.

No one imagined that this birthday would be a day to be remembered as the turning point in more lives than one among them, but it was.

Libra, the eldest daughter, and her husband had returned to the city. Scoris and Helen, as well as Tom and Nellie, remained for a few days longer. The next morning Tom announced that he was going to take Nellie across the lake, and possibly they would go on farther



and see some old friends, so would not be back until evening. The morning was bright and the water was as clear as crystal as they passed out from the small lake through the narrows into the larger body of water, then on to one of the small islands to the wonderful cave Tom had discovered when a boy. They had fastened the boat, climbed the steep hill and walked about half a mile through thickly grown shrubs, trees and brush, and over rocks; still no cave was in sight. Nellie looked at Tom inquiringly. She could see a high rock on one side with shrubs growing on its side in places, but no sign of an opening except almost at the top, but that was fully ten feet high.

Pushing aside the brush with one hand and holding the overhanging limb of a large tree with the other, Tom said: "Now you follow me and I will show you my old hiding place." They went down a narrow passage rather steep in places, but by hanging onto the roots of an old grape vine managed to keep their footing until they landed on solid rock. They walked a few feet, when, before them Nellie saw an opening about two and a half feet wide. Beyond she could see a large chamber, lighted by the opening she had seen on the outside. Part of the floor was flat and on one side of the wall it was broken, as if it had been cut out for use at some time, for it formed a seat and a table, or rather a shelf large enough to hold the basket of provisions they had brought. Several boxes were lying about, showing that it had been used at some time before. Tom selected a box for Nellie, seated himself on the rock, then exclaimed: "This is the place; what do you think of it?"

"Think!" she exclaimed; "I haven't got beyond wondering yet. And it was here you thought out all the plans for the society?"

"Yes," he answered; "after I had lived in the city and seen all the miseries the poor have to endure—the injustices."

"No, no, dear, don't say it," she interrupts him. "This is our resting time, and in such a place we are not going to spoil our holiday by even thinking of unpleasant things today. So you came here to be quiet and plan for the future?"

"Yes, the most important rules were written on that table of stone."

"What a lovely memory so many of you have who were born and raised in the country," she continued. "How little the city people know about its resources. Why, this cave would answer for a summer home. I wish it was earlier in the season. We could bring in branches of trees and cover them with pine needles for a bed, some bedding, rugs, etc., and what more could we wish for as a quiet place to rest in?"

"Your enthusiasm would make up for deficiencies," Tom answered. "While you arrange our lunch I will go to a spring for water, so we can make tea. Do you see the stove over there under that opening where the light comes from?"

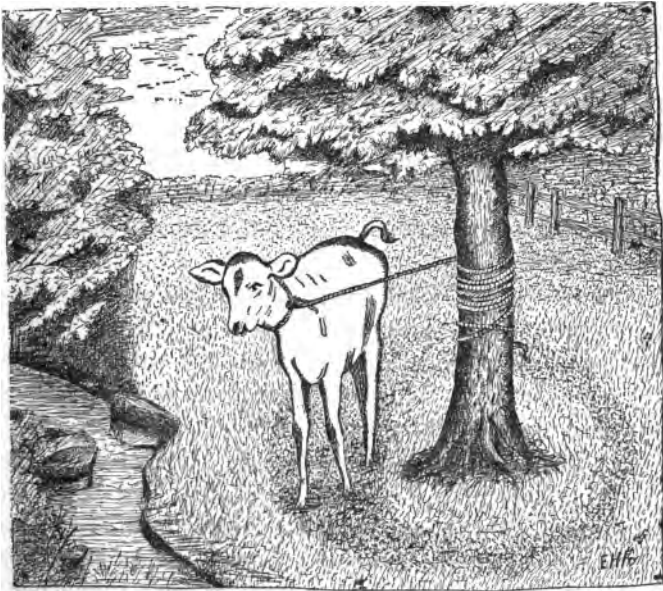
"I see a pile of stones," she answered.

"Oh, you poor, ignorant city girl," he laughed, "not to recognize the camper's most useful kitchen utensil."

While her husband was gone for water, Nellie looked around the cave, feeling the calmness of this God-made Temple. Only the twitter of birds, and the rustle of falling leaves could be heard. She arranged the table for their lunch, then waited till he came. Tom made the tea after he had boiled the water over the twigs he had gathered and burned in the stone stove. After lunch they strolled on through the woods, gathering flowers, while

Tom showed her all the beauties of the place. Evening came before they realized it and as they ascended the hill on their return home after securing the boat, when out from the shadow of the trees they saw a calf tied to a tree.

"Oh, Tom!" Nellie exclaimed, "look at that poor, help-



less creature. It cannot even lie down. Who tied it like that?"

"No one," he replied. "Don't you see it has wound itself up by twisting the rope about the tree as it ran around it."

"Such a look of resignation," Nellie said. "It reminds me of the people in the cities. They, too, are tied by the rope that the trusts and custom have wound them up with."

They suffer and die without knowing how easy it is to—go back—just like—the calf. Oh!" she cried; "it will run over me. I didn't know the rope was so long."

"Look out, or he will kick you before I can get hold of the rope. I had to drive him back the way he came, and I forgot that you didn't know the ways of calves," Tom said hurriedly, as he ran to secure it. She had moved far enough away to feel safe before she continued in the same train of thought.

"It has trampled its food down as it ran around its shelter, besides amusing itself. Again that is like the majority of city people. The infants play with rattle boxes, but the grown children with politics and money. A shelter and food are gambled for until the age limit confronts them."

"There you are, old fellow," Tom exclaims, not noticing Nellie's reverie as he unties the rope. "Now, Nellie, you go on to the house, and tell them I am coming as hungry as a bear. I'll give him a drink before he does the same thing over again."

Nellie started and was crossing the orchard when she saw a number of cows eating apples that had fallen on the ground. She thought of little children in the city who rarely tasted an apple and could be seen looking longingly at the street stands. The abundance of fruit everywhere on this large estate of several hundred acres was amazing to her, as she compared the need of these things in the cities. "Oh, what an unnecessary waste," she thought. "It would have seemed incredible if I had been told it. Here are cows feeding upon the rarest varieties."

"Well," exclaimed Mira, laughingly, as she appeared around the corner of an outbuilding, "are you trying to cheat the cows? We have been keeping dinner until I

expect it is spoiled, waiting for you. Mother became uneasy and sent me to hurry you up."

As Tom overtook them he laughed also at seeing the fruit in Nellie's arms. After dinner he took her to the cellar and showed her the great bins of apples without a flaw that were stored for winter, besides all the vegetables and all kinds of fruit; then they went to the parlor, where the rest of the family had assembled.

A low fire burned in the grate to make the room cheerful as it had turned chilly.

Scoris, the eldest unmarried sister, was trying to interest Geron's wife in the society, but in spite of her own enthusiasm, Grace did not seem to respond. Just at this time Scoris found it hard to talk on any other subject for any length of time, it seemed so all-important to her. Helen, the other sister, and Nellie exchanged glances, both realizing that there was a prejudice against the society in the home circle they had not expected. Scoris, with Tom, had been the means of starting the society, which had grown so fast that Tom had finally sold out his law partnership so that he could devote his whole time to it. In the city almost every one responded that they had been able to reach, and here were their own relatives absolutely indifferent.

Several times during the evening Nellie would ask questions about the abundance of things that were thrown away or given to the animals. Geron finally explained that all those things were of less value to them than the labor would amount to. "We live so far away from the cities that it doesn't pay to ship them. Tom's idea is the best, evidently, for he intends to bring the people to the farms where they can secure all the surplus. You will have your hands full, I can promise you. If I wasn't

so far away I would advise you to take my place ; farming don't pay any too well."

Tom answered: "You must remember I am not starting a farm, merely using the land to provide the necessities at first hand. The object of the society is to secure homes for its members, then food at first cost, while it aims to give them employment as nearly as possible according to their talents and the society's needs. We take the farms to build our town because it has to be started under new conditions, for we must compete with the old money system for many years."

CHAPTER II.

"Tom," Geron said, after arising and moving around aimlessly, "you are going to waste your time. The trusts are too strong for any one man to undertake to down them."

Tom, who had been sitting with his chair tipped back, reached out to the table to balance himself before he answered, then he stood up, stretching out his arms and yawning, said, "I am not trying to down them. You remember the story of the lion and the mouse, don't you, Geron?"

"Yes."

"Well, for the sake of the case at point, I will liken the masses to the lion; I will merely pose as the mouse, as it nibbled the cord that let the lion go free."

Just then Mrs. Vivian, who had been looking after the comfort of the room by poking at the fire in the grate, asked: "What lion are you talking about, Tom?" This caused all the family to roar with laughter.

"He is trying to convince Geron that he is as harmless as a mouse," Scoris replied.

The two men left the room laughing, Geron saying that he was going out to smoke.

Then Scoris explained it to her mother: "Geron thought that Tom was trying to break the trusts, and Tom took that way of explanation, for he is merely showing the people how to live independently of the trusts."

"Tom promised to explain to me what you are all doing in the society, but he has not had time yet," the mo-

ther said. "I wish you would tell me something about it. Geron says it will fail, he knows it will."

"Well, it will not," Nellie answered, her eyes flashing, as she changed her seat to get nearer to Mrs. Vivian, "Tom never fails."

"No," Scoris exclaimed, she also resenting Geron's idea; "and if he did, some one else would take it up! The people are ready now to free themselves from the trusts. They have only been waiting for a leader, and Tom is that man."

Nellie had arisen and was standing by Scoris. Helen raised her head, for she had been absorbed in a new poem, and Nellie's voice had actually sounded sharp.

Geron's wife looked apologetic. She stood up, then sat down, not knowing exactly what was expected of her, for it looked for a second as if there was going to be a family dispute. Mrs. Vivian looked distressed until Scoris laughingly asked:

"How much do you know about it, mother?"

"Not much," she answered; "only Geron says that each member pays only one dollar per year for membership, and that no society could be kept up on such a cheap basis; that Tom intends to build immense hotels and factories, and he can't see where the money is coming from to do it all."

"Mother, dear," Scoris answered, "you only know a very small part of it. The fee is small so as to reach the very poorest class. They can start as members on twenty-five cents per week, after the membership fee is paid, 'tis true, but it is not their money that we value, but their labor. They can become members by their labor alone. The poorest member must secure one share each year, which only amounts to twelve dollars. We have two hundred such members, but we

have one hundred that are securing twelve shares yearly, besides two hundred more that are ranging from twenty shares each year to many thousands, invested already. Considering that the society is only one year old that is encouraging. The society also owns a number of automobiles that we have been using instead of cars. I am sure that don't look like failure. We employ a large number of men to manufacture bricks, and what is more, they did it by hand labor, the old-fashioned way, using horses to turn the machinery. The men were those that had been crowded out of employment by the age limit. Two men, seeing the advantages of the society, advertised for such men, explained the advantages of the society to them, then secured the clay land suitable for bricks. The results are that there is enough to start the first apartment house in the spring. They have also made artificial stone to beautify the buildings. Another man has been burning lime stone on his own place. These are the principal building materials and they are either found already or will be by some member, for all are contributing either their labor or money to secure the success of the society. Mother, dear, you cannot imagine how many poor souls were glad to get the work to do, especially when they knew they were not expected to work more than six hours each day and that they were provided with shelter and food besides being able to save for the future. Some who had always been accustomed to digging and hard work will dig the foundations in the spring. Now this is the strange thing about it. The men who gave them the work did not have to pay them one dollar in money. They were only too glad to secure a permanent home for at least this winter. Every one of them has scrip and shares in the society as a result of their summer's work."

"Well, that is a good thing for poor men, but how did the society get the benefit of those two men's labor who superintended the work, as well as using their capital in paying the rent for the brick-clay land, buying horses, and feeding them as well as the men?" her mother asked.

"The society bought the bricks from them, exchanging farm produce, and shares as well as scrip, in payment for two-thirds of their value. The balance was paid in money; don't you see?"

"Where did the society get the money?"

"Why, it was taken out of the permanent shares. I forgot to tell you that we issue two kinds of shares. The ones of which all members have to secure at least one each year are the permanent ones. They are paid to the society in money or labor, and the money representing them can only be used for buildings or any kind of permanent wealth. These same men are going to set the workmen to putting up roughly made buildings on the farm we have secured, to store ice in for the summer, as well as a house for themselves to live in. They are not particular where they live, poor fellows, so long as it is a shelter and that their food is sure, as well as clothing. These two men I mentioned have secured materials from the wrecking companies in the city, for the buildings will be only temporary ones, boarded inside and out, and filled in between with sawdust."

While listening to Nellie's account Mrs. Vivian had been anxious when Scoris began, but gradually relaxed as the explanation advanced. "How very simple after all," she remarked. "It is like a broken stitch in a stocking. Stitch by stitch we draw the thread in and out until it is whole again!" But she started up, exclaiming, "Who is going to redeem the scrip?"

"Tom is," Nellie answered. "At present he has charge

of all produce, and the different members are providing for all kind of exchanges."

"Well, girls," their mother said, "don't think me stupid for not understanding all about it, but how is Tom to derive an income from what he sells to the members and redeem the scrip besides?" Scoris and Nellie exchanged glances to see which would explain. Scoris motioned to Nellie to proceed, feeling that she knew more about it.

"Our immediate income," Nellie answered, "is from what Tom sells to the members, and we have five hundred members besides their families that consume food. Tom has been buying it from the farmers at wholesale and selling at retail. It has been enough to keep us so far, and we take charge of the first farm next week, so then we will be able to buy to better advantage and have no rent to pay besides, for the society provides that by the \$1.00 membership fee. You see we have over five hundred members, and they represent that amount. You know Tom sold out his law partnership. Well, he has used the money to buy with. Besides vegetables and fruit, we have charge of the milk which he sells to the dealers, who allow the members a percentage on all they buy. The members bought our scrip, then Tom used the money to secure the milk; he then redeems the scrip as payment for the milk consumed."

"Well, I hope it will be a success," Mrs. Vivian declared, with a sigh.

"Why, it has already," both the girls exclaimed together. "No one had ever imagined that it would succeed so soon. We all hoped it would in a few years, but it is growing so fast that it is taking nearly all of Tom's time just to manage it. That is how I happened to become his secretary," Nellie said.

During the conversation some young people had called, and Mira had shown them into the library until her mother and sisters had finished their talk, then joined the rest. Jack Mobray was there and it was hard to remember afterwards how he and Mira could have had a chance to talk over their arrangements to leave the old home as they afterwards did, but when the young are in love they find a way.

In a few days the two girls had returned to the city. Tom and Nellie to the farm that the society had secured to start the colony, and, as the mother had predicted, Mira left her also a few days afterwards, although she had never thought of her child marrying so young, nor did she suspect the attachment between them. She did think that Mira might wish to go to the city. The whole family had become restless as they grew up; even Geron had hinted that he was tired of living all his life on the estate.

Tom and Nellie were settled in the farm house, for though it was in the fall of the year they had decided to take up their residence then so as to get ready for the spring building. Materials were being collected so as to cause no delay. The past year Tom had gone in different directions from the city looking the country over before this place had been selected. In this way it gave him an opportunity of locating just the kind of land needed for the many uses that would be required of it.

A large lake was on one side with clear, cool water, an abundance of large trees on its edge, sufficient to make a pleasant place for a summer resort and yet not interfere with the farm. This lake was not very far from the farm buildings and was not on the road but partly on the next farm adjoining, with sufficient, however, on

the society's property to enable them to control or have the use of it.

They had not intended to take up the land in the fall, but Tom had seen the advisability of securing it while it was in the market. The owner had died suddenly, leaving it to his widow, and she being anxious to go to the next town to her children who were married, it was arranged that the rent would not begin until the following spring. The house was not large or of much account, but it answered the purpose, and the land had been obtained cheaper on that account. It was the land and fruit that had first attracted Tom's attention after he had proved the nature of the soil. He had secured a lease for ninety-nine years with the privilege of buying the whole of it at any time at a set price, of erecting any kind of buildings that the society might deem proper, the said buildings to belong to the society exclusively.

They enjoyed their new home, these two enterprising people, because they liked to know that they were making a start for many hundreds, if not thousands, of others to live happily and contentedly in years to come.

There, however, I will leave them for the present and go back to the beginning of the society before Tom's marriage.

CHAPTER III.

The society met at first in the Vivian parlors, that is, in Tom's flat, where Scoris and Helen, his sisters, assisted in entertaining their friends as well as helping to form the society. On the evenings of the society the rugs were taken up and all the furniture excepting one table and the chairs were stored in a smaller room. This was done to save expense, for it was not a money scheme, remember, and "infants creep before they walk." In the same way the society wished to know how to keep on its feet when it got there.

The new ways of earning a living were talked over at the meetings held in the Vivian parlors.

"Automobiles are one of the first necessities in this society," a Mr. Suegran declared one evening, and it caused such a roar of laughter that it was some time before he was allowed to explain his meaning. No one had taken him seriously, and when they saw that he was in earnest, they tried to hide their lack of interest by taking up a less important subject; and he, feeling rather crushed, let the matter drop. The next evening he called on the Vivians. Helen was the only one in. He said that he wished to see Mr. Vivian and would wait till he came in if he wouldn't be intruding. Helen assured him that he was welcome and in a few moments the conversation turned to the usual topic, "The Colony."

"You know, Miss Helen," he said, "I want to talk to your brother about the subject I mentioned last evening, I am sure that I am right, automobiles are the greatest necessity the society has at the present time!"

"What about capital?" Helen asked. "Automobiles cost more than our society could afford at the present time."

"That is where I don't agree with you," he replied, "the society has men who work in automobile factories. They are willing to give a certain amount of their time evenings and on holidays to make one to start with, and we have a young man who has invented a new model that he is willing to have us use." As he said this Tom came in and Mr. Suegran repeated the advantages he had told Helen about, then asked Tom if the society could supply the money to buy materials? Tom told him no, that according to the rules that had been made to protect the members' wealth, the shares could only be invested in buildings, land, or anything that would yield an income, or in the implements of labor or in its products.

"I can tell you what to do, though," Tom continued. "You bring these facts before the meeting and I will see that you have a hearing. In the meantime go to any of the members that you think will help you out, tell them that I sent you; then you can form a company among you, each paying for shares representing the amount required, but remember the price of all materials, labor, and everything concerning the transaction must be kept on record. If you are successful, then the society will buy it from you and in all probability will start the men in business who gave their time. I have no right to risk any wealth intrusted in my keeping by the members, but they may risk any money they have to spare over and above what the society exacts, and you may promise them 10 per cent for the risk and we will pay you that amount on your time as well as your labor, and you know we pay union wages."

At the next meeting the subject of transportation was

taken up and the members were shown the advantages to themselves in owning a system of traveling that would not necessitate the laying of tracks or limit them to any one street. Mr. Suegran then proposed his automobile scheme and asked the members to buy shares. In a few weeks the amount was vouched for. Mr. Suegran was required to give security as well as to keep an account of every item of expense. This was done not only to test the honesty of the men who were manufacturing the machine, but to protect the management against any unjust suspicion. There was another reason also and it was an important one. It was taxation. The society expected to pay all just taxes, but had no intention of paying for inflated stock. The officer in charge of that meeting explained to the members that the society was formed to protect its members' wealth in every possible way and that in doing so it was necessary to guard the small items. "We all realize the importance of homes, and the most of you know that to secure them is not the whole difficulty overcome. We must have a way of getting to them. Automobiles solve that difficulty, especially when we own them. Then they can be used as soon as they are ready right here in the city to take the members to and from their employment. The society might as well have the benefit of fares and by providing our own conveyances the members may use the society's scrip to pay them. For, remember, the more scrip the society can issue the sooner it can secure employment for its members. The automobiles once established as means of transportation will bring about the settlement on the land of those who would otherwise stay in the city for several years to come. As we cannot lease any land to build upon until we have enough members to represent the amount of rent that we will have to pay each year, we

may as well devote ourselves to securing our transportation first."

The members who risked their money to perfect the first automobile were given a good percentage, and they either loaned it again for the same purpose or withdrew it for some other enterprise. These undertakings paid a large profit, but were not secured by the society and only those who could afford to risk losing in case of failure were allowed to invest. No money was lost, however, and the members who were natural speculators found in it an opening to increase their money faster than in shares, "for," they argued, "we can buy extra shares with the interest so obtained." At all times the value of numbers had to be kept in view, because every member added to the society increased its market. The society by its numbers secured a market for anything its members had to sell. The first automobile, being a success, was bought by the society, as were others made later, and when the land was secured a factory was built upon it to manufacture them as well as implements of labor.

In this way the society gained control of the industry and kept the wealth so produced in trust for its members. After the factory was built on the land controlled by the society, the society took charge of it and paid the workmen the same price as the union paid for the same work. The advantage gained by living in the Colony decreased their expenses to such a degree that it was equal to double the amount of money in the city. Of course all had to agree to accept scrip or shares in payment for labor, but scrip bought everything, even money, so was just as good and safer.

The president was appointed for five years with this proviso: That he proved himself capable of directing the affairs of the Colony in a satisfactory manner to at

least three-fourths of the members; that he had the ability to manage so as to ensure the returns from the money or labor invested that the society guaranteed to its members; that he was working for the advantage of the largest number instead of a privileged few; that he was keeping all revenue on record as well as expenditure, so that the members could at any time have the accounts audited; that his security was increased as the wealth of the Colony advanced, so that he could not endanger the members' shares as so many people have done; that when the temptation became too strong (from the members' indifference or overconfidence) he could not if he would "feather his own nest" by neglecting the members' interests.

Tom Vivian made these rules, not to protect the members against himself, but all members in all societies that were formed later. He saw the temptations that inexperienced members left in his hands, and he knew that riches harden the majority of people's minds, so he intended to protect them in every possible way that he could think of.

A president had to be an honorable member of society, and not addicted to any habits that would bring disgrace upon said society. He had to be honest and truthful in his dealings. He had to live in the Colony that he was overseeing and give his undivided attention to its interests (except in its beginning when he had to provide for his living as well), attending to the society's business transactions, etc. The president had to be free from all burdens that would interfere with his giving his whole attention to the society except as stated in the first year or two, or as long as it took him to place it on a paying basis.

The president being organizer as well as manager of the

society was allowed a percentage of shares instead of a salary. The members realizing that he had devoted several years of his time and energy to the cause, presented them to him when the first farm was secured. He, realizing that he had to be self-sustaining at first when he took up his duties on the farm, purchased enough cows to supply the members with milk and butter. He also bought poultry (particularly hens), as milk and eggs were always in demand, they helped to secure him an income. He was also given the benefit of all the garden truck he produced the first two years, the members being allowed 10 per cent on anything they bought from the society. He also received a percentage on each member that was enrolled on the day the society was organized.

This percentage was one dollar per member, but was not paid in coin but was allowed him on the purchase of permanent shares. In paying for labor on his personal account he could sell these shares, excepting the amount the society compelled him as well as all other members to keep in the society.

He could issue scrip with the consent of the members to the amount of his personal wealth or security.

The third year the society was able to buy out both the hennery and dairy, for they were in a position then to give him a percentage of all its business transactions. Several farms had to be secured at this time for pasture lands, and a separate place for the hennery. The president secured a large number of shares by the transaction, but he could not exact money. His shares secured him a suite of rooms in an apartment house, then the percentage he received on all the business he managed for the society secured him a better income.

CHAPTER IV.

There is a direct law of attraction that very few people recognize. In the beginning of the society, if Tom Vivian had been told that he would marry soon, he would have scorned the idea. "I am devoted to the cause of the people," he would have told you, "and I have no time to devote to love affairs," and yet he was the first to succumb. Nellie Gaylord was a friend of Scoris Vivian, and when the society was started she took an active interest in it. It was soon seen that Tom Vivian referred oftener to Nellie's opinion than he did to others in cases of importance, until he believed that she was necessary to the success of the society. That he was in love no one doubted, and it was a satisfaction to many members when they were able to say: "Didn't I tell you so? Oh, you can't fool me."

Nellie's life had been a sad one in some respects before she became identified with the society, then everything changed for the better. She had some one to love, honor, yes, almost worship, in Tom Vivian. I am going back in her life, though, to the time when she was earning her living before she was married. She had been a stenographer and when her eyesight troubled her she found that she would have to take employment in something that would require less application. At this time she was in a factory where she was head forewoman over a large number of girls, all running power sewing machines, making ladies' underwear. Her duty was to inspect the work and see that no one wasted time. She sometimes regretted that she had to work among a class

who never seemed to think of anything beyond pay-day or "their fellows," as they expressed it. The idea of bettering their condition never seemed to enter their mind unless it was perhaps some day to marry a rich man like some other girl they had heard of. To marry one day was fully expected, but pay-day generally outweighed all other considerations. Today, however, she was thinking of herself as this was her twentieth birthday and it brought up the sad memories of a time when her mother used to remember it by some little gift, or her father would arrange to take her to some amusement in honor of the occasion. Now both had gone from her and she was among a lot of girls to whom she thought she couldn't possibly talk of the things that interested her most. She looked up presently and saw two girls holding out a silk waist for the admiration of their friends. "I am thirty-six bust measure and will try it on if you like," she said, as they were looking at her after asking who was that measurement.

"Oh, what a pretty waist; whose is it?" she asked. Their mother's birthday present, they told her, which would be next day and the mother would never suspect they had walked to and from work every day for two months to save car fare, and had done without fruit or cake for their lunch, just to be able to make it their own present. "For you see we give her all we earn and it is all we three have to live upon, and she makes it spin out someway by earning a little, sewing when she can get it to do, but she does our sewing and washing and takes care of the home, so this is something she will prize, and we are so glad we could get it in time," they explained.

"Well, girls, you are lucky to have a mother, and your mother is to be congratulated for having two such self-denying daughters. I lost my mother just two years ago

and this is my birthday." One of the girls took her hand and held it lovingly, while both remarked how nice she looked in the waist and hoped their mother would look as well.

This little incident, born of sympathy, the touch of the hand, the kindness to the mother, spoke volumes to Nellie, and she and the sisters became friends. She had felt alone when she first came into the factory. When one spends long, weary hours with people who have different ideas, life is more lonely than if one were in a solitary place.



Mary Smith, the only support of the family.

She had been considered reserved, or "proud," as some had called her, but her quiet, firm manner had been her main recommendation to the head of the firm. She acquired a great liking for many of the girls, however, as their little difficulties came under her notice. Their hardships with poverty, although never called by that name, were borne so bravely. The insults they endured from girls em-

ployed in offices or stores on their way home at night, the sneers and the drawing of their clothes aside for the fear of coming in contact was enough to make them feel inferior, even though they were not. To Nellie this was abominable, for labor is labor, in the banking house, store or factory, in the home, or anywhere, and should be respected.

One day a little cash girl had been hurt by a street car. The newspapers told how this little child of eleven years was the only member of a family of four who was earning anything, and all she got was two dollars a week; how she lived two miles from her work and had to walk each way, then run from eight in the morning until six at night.

When one evening while returning home the accident occurred. It was pitiful to hear her cry after her ankle had been attended to, for the pain was not the worst part of her trouble. Oh! if she should lose her employment, what would they do at home? she cried. Baby Bob couldn't have his milk. Why, they couldn't have any food at all. Her anxiety about the money touched the girls' sympathy who were taking her home. They had carried her to the car and were trying to comfort her.

The girls found an old frame building that had been abandoned as unsafe, propped up to keep it from falling. There were no lights and voices were heard asking what had happened. They got her to bed, still in the dark, and no one offered to help. Through sobs that shook the whole building, the mother explained that she couldn't move because of rheumatism. The father was also too weak to do anything and the baby cried because Mary and his mother were crying. The girls went home for their mother and a light and when they returned saw the most pitiful sight they had ever seen. Four helpless people, and not enough food in the house to satisfy the hunger of one.

The Healey girls did not forget little Mary Smith, the cash girl, but said nothing at the time in the factory. Every few days they went to see that she was not in need and did all they could for the family. Mrs. Healey soon drew the story of their wretched life from them, and their

gratitude to her and her daughters was the opening of a friendship that only those who have gone through such misery can realize its strength.

John Smith, the father, had been a builder and carpenter, and though he was a first-class workman and his labor had helped to build some of the best homes in the city, yet he had only a condemned shell to die in, for dying he was, from the effects of poverty, sickness and inability to get work. This last stroke of misfortune, Mary becoming helpless, at least for a time, was too much for his shattered nerves and two days afterwards he died. The shock had been so great that both mother and child were stunned as well as helpless. They had one comfort, he at least had not been separated from them, which had been his greatest fear. Many times he had laid on his bed, unable to escape the cold winds that blew through cracks in the wall or the rain that fell through the roof. There was no comfort for him unless it was being with his loved ones and they knew if the authorities discovered his condition, he would be taken away and possibly they would never see each other again.

Before coming to this place, the Smiths had been unable to pay their rent, the husband had been ill for more than a year; so one day feeling better than usual, had gone for a walk. When he returned, he found all their possessions on the sidewalk, the door shut against them and nowhere to go. His wife was away washing. He saw the things they treasured scattered around at the mercy of any one and was too weak to gather them up. All he could do was to watch them until some kindly neighbors came and moved them to this old ramshackle place.

When Mary came home at night, weary, footsore and worn out, there was no warm supper to cheer her, not

- even a shelter, and it was some time before she found her parents and Bob. Poor little soul, she had been forgotten in the efforts of getting the household goods under cover before night. All events till now were dated back to this last degradation. The mother had become unable to work since then, and now even Mary was helpless. What would they do? It was a trial an older person might find hard to bear, but a child of eleven years looked upon it in desperation.

"Surely there must be something wrong with our whole social structure," Nellie had thought when the girls told her the next day. "What can we do to help in such cases? Simply nothing. We have all we can do to earn enough to exist ourselves."

Fortunately the city sent help, and as the girls talked it over in the large work room, it was rather interesting to hear the old wornout ideas get their quietus as a quiet, pale-faced girl sitting in a corner by herself remarked, "But this was not a case of drinking or laziness, but misfortune caused from ignorant management in the affairs of our city and we may say, in our country itself. Employment should be provided for all, then such things wouldn't occur."

"Well," one of the girls said, "we never receive charity and I don't believe any one needs to become so poor as to need help from the city."

"I don't see why they shouldn't," the pale-faced girl continued, "when they are the ones who contribute all their labor to provide, not only for themselves, but their employer besides, and make it possible for the city to have a fund for that purpose."

This caused a general roar of laughter from most of the girls. The bell rang. Work began and was continued for the rest of the day, but the next day some one

of the girls asked her what she meant, and Nellie, seeing them a little excited, joined them also. Then she said that Annie, which was the girl's name, was right.

"We are all employed by Mr. Forbes. He pays us so much for our labor or time. Well, he has to have a large profit, or it wouldn't pay him to hire us. Out of our labors, he has to pay rent, support his family and see that he gets sufficient interest on his capital. All this comes out of our labor. He merely manages the buying and selling and it does not end here; his landlord has to have the rent to pay taxes and receive his living. That is what Annie meant. Who do you think is most dependent, Mr. Forbes, or us?"

"Why, we are," they all exclaimed.

"No, you are wrong. We could take our sewing machines at home and earn just as much as we do here, if the market was assured us. He could not earn single-handed what we earn for him, we three hundred girls, don't you see? Now in this case you have been so interested in, that man has built a large number of homes right here in this city and yet he was unable to even have the use of one to die in, let alone to live in. Girls, I belong to a society that some time I would like you to visit. It would help you to solve some of the problems of life, that no one has a right in these days to shirk, for it is our industry and every other working person's that keeps the machinery running, not only of the factories, but of the cities."

"Then we sent money and provisions to keep that family from starving," one of the girls remarked, "even though we did it unconsciously."

"Yes, all who work do their share towards paying the taxes and when the society called 'The Wealth Producing and Distributing Society' is stronger and been in

operation twenty or fifty years, we will cease to have human beings living at the mercy of so-called charitable institutions, poorhouses, or, worse still, starving to death, as they are at the present time. There is another thing, girls, that I want to tell you; whenever you are called 'factory girls,' as you are so often by shop girls, just keep a dignified silence. Your labor is just as necessary as theirs and if you only considered it a little, you are of as much importance also. Every intelligent person should honor his own industry and remember that he is fulfilling his mission in life, and if all did so, heartaches would cease. Any bright person would do the best he could under existing circumstances and would even raise conditions which he considered beneath his dignity to his own level, as you may learn if you join our society. Respect yourselves and address each other as you do Mr. Forbes. Learn to appreciate yourselves, your advantages, and then create new opportunities as your ability points out the way. All useful employment is honorable, and now is the time to raise labor to its proper dignity among all honorable people."

Many of those girls not only attended the meetings, but joined the society. Even Mr. Forbes, who owned the business, saw that he could do better by becoming one of them, so he became a member and eventually moved out to the Colony.

CHAPTER V.

Nellie stood looking out of the window one morning early in the spring, and as she hummed a merry tune and was so bright and happy, she seemed to reflect the brightness in everything about her. The sunshine smiled



and the very trees breathed contentment. This was her first spring in the country and the arrangements for the coming colony were bringing some funny experiences. A large number were there already and each day more were applying or inquiring about the resources before

venturing, questions would come up and have to be answered until Nellie said she could fairly sing the answers, for they had told so many the same thing. She laughed aloud finally and Tom, who was reading, looked up and said, "What is it?" "Oh, I was thinking of the men who were here yesterday, and do you know, Tom, most of them had the same helpless expression as the calf you liberated last fall. Do you remember how helpless and perplexed it looked? You unwound the cord for the calf, and now you have some cords to unwind in dealing with these people, for they need their freedom as much as the calf, but don't see how to go about it.

"Ideas and actual demonstrations are necessary to teach most of them. It seems so simple to us who have studied the situation from every standpoint, and when one of them asked you how you are going to collect the rest of the materials for building without money, he looked so wise in his own conceit and convinced that he had you in a corner, I noticed he winked at the rest. I had to leave the room, for I knew I would laugh aloud if you ever tried to show him up in his ignorance. He certainly did deserve it. Every one of them were from ten to twenty years older than you are. All had a trade or some means of earning a living, yet had to appeal to you to explain every working plan separately."

Tom replied: "I told them that as members they would not only receive their wages at the time, but have an interest in the permanent buildings and improvements. That instead of a capitalist owning the property the different labors each produced, the society got it and kept it in trust for those who earned it.

"It was hard to make them comprehend that it was a Wealth Producing and a Wealth Distributing Society, giving to all industrious people an opportunity

to secure for themselves the full value of their industry, and explained that all buildings represent permanent wealth and so did fruit trees. The trees remaining but the fruit was consumed; that when we give up the tree, we have no right to the fruit.

•“I further explained that as members of our society they had an interest in all the wealth created, whether it was fruit trees or buildings; that fruit would pay for any necessary article or food needed. I tried to make them see that it was just as good as money to them and represented a part of their wealth. I succeeded at last in making them see that when they worked for the society, they received their wages the same as when they worked for an outsider, with this difference, they still retained an interest, for the buildings represented the value of their shares in the society, and that the materials they spoke of were produced in the same way. I told them we were already making bricks and producing lime and also had a sand suitable for mortar, which were brought within the control of the society by the industry and perseverance of individual members, who over and above actual necessities were leaving all they produced with the society, for knowing it was safe and that their labor was as valuable to the society as money it could be entered in the books to their credit; that we kept an account of their labor as the banks do of money. Before another year, I told them, we expected to control a lumber district and saw mill, for all classes were awakening to the necessity of protecting themselves and their own labor, which is wealth, and they never could do so under any other system, and all other exchanges were meeting us half way at least.

“The wealth each member creates belongs to him

or her individually and by the society's holding its value would be increased to a greater extent than if held separately. As the society increased in numbers and resources the necessity of money would decrease. When I made this explanation one of the men wanted to know if they did our building what they were going to do for cash with which to support their families. I told them they could come out here and live, if they had to pay rent in the city, for we allowed them to build tent houses to live in during the summer, or until the permanent brick ones were built, or until they owned shares enough in the society to entitle them to live in the apartment we were building. I tried to make them see that the economy they could practice would be more to them than big pay in the city. A little inconvenience at first and patience would place them on their feet in a short time and their homes would be secured with almost no expense. Being able to buy food where it is grown, cuts down expenses to a very small amount comparatively. When I told them this, one of them acknowledged that he could see that they would have less expense, but that they would still have need of money. 'You bind us to take all we earn in scrip or shares for our labor?' one of them asked of me. 'Certainly,' I said, 'that is the protection of the society.' But I told them they could buy money with their scrip. 'Oh,' they cried, 'it is money that we want.' 'All right,' I said, 'if we are in need of you, we will send for you, but I don't wish to raise your hopes, for we have so many among our members who want something more substantial than money. You can't eat money,' I continued, 'but you need a home and clothing.' I tried to make them see that our members, according to our

rules, come first, and that the society wanted men and women to create wealth and those who knew enough to keep it for themselves instead of giving it to the capitalists. The society was formed for the concentration of the wealth produced by the industrious and for the purpose of bringing it to one center; then all can have the comforts of the public buildings, etc., at less expense than their earnings would eventually secure them a pension in their old age. I pointed out to them the tent houses and told them that some of these people own enough shares even now to live in the first apartment houses that are built, but they intend living as they are during the summer so that they can save for their temporary shares. This was a surprise to them all, and one of them said, 'Well, I would have enough to keep me for life, if I had not been unfortunate.' Then he told us how one day he had lost every dollar. 'I was taking the money to the bank,' he said, 'and stopped in several places on my way and when I reached the bank, it was gone. It represented the savings of all my life. I had just gotten it in one lump, and intended investing it again in another mortgage. When I found it was gone, I was nearly crazy, I admit. Now you see I need money, not scrip.' Then I asked if he was sure he needed the money most, and told him about the member who had lost his all last fall. You remember, Nellie, the one who had saved right from the beginning to the society, the one who preferred scrip to shares, and only left with us sufficient to secure the right to vote. He liked the scrip best because it could be drawn out like money and he could always get money for it. Well, when he was done working for us he obtained other employ-

ment at good pay and saved it. He had so few expenses while with us he had saved the most of his scrip to buy food direct from the society and also clothing from our members who could use it in return for their food stuffs. In this way, he had more than half used up the scrip. You remember, Nellie, when the treasury bank failed all the money he had saved was in it and he had lost it. He took all the scrip that was left and went flying around to different members to get it cashed so he could pay his rent and have car fare until his salary was due. Well, he was a nervous sort of a fellow, and by some unlucky chance he lost it, then came to our secretary like a madman to prevent any one else from using it. Immediately all members were notified that the scrip of certain numbers was lost and were forbidden to use it until it was returned to the owner. It was found, but the money he had in the bank that he prized so much more, he will never receive. Had he used it to buy shares in the society, he could never have lost it. I explained to them that we had no debts or mortgages, and if any one tried to use scrip that did not belong to them, they could be very easily detected, and now the man who lost his money goes to the other extreme and changes all his money into scrip or shares to make sure that it is safe. And it is safe, for we are represented by thousands already who are accumulating wealth and bringing it to this center city we are building and it is to be invested in factories, warehouses, dwellings, etc., where the earnings of the members can be saved for their own use.

CHAPTER VI.

"The society receives the profit over and above the expenses incurred for buildings, improvements, street pavements, etc., or any necessary expenses that are required for the convenience of the colony. Out of all the profits so obtained, there is still a balance that is used to increase the standing wealth of the society. Then I told them to look around and see the buildings in the cities and to realize if they could how few are owned by those who built them. The society not only secures to every member a profit on his earnings, but the net earnings of the society as a whole. When a man plants fruit trees and is paid for his labor his individual claim is satisfied, but the society owns the fruit each year, and the same applies to their labor in the building. The society will exact rent from the builder, if he should occupy the building until he owns sufficient shares to represent his right to occupy the house, and the man who plants the fruit trees belonging to the society will have to pay for the fruit of those same trees, if he eats it.

"Then I explained that the society must own everything and govern its own interests, and when they realized its strength, they were sure to desire its protection, for each individual is a part of the whole. The buildings alone are a sufficient guarantee. You have direct returns for any amount you leave with the society, no matter how large or small, I told them, and those advantages are not given in any other society. There is no bank to fail here. I said, 'My friends,

money is not wealth, for money scatters your wealth in most instances and gives it to others. You need your labor, which is really your wealth, protected, and that is what we are doing.' Then I asked, 'Do you still want money for your labor?' The only one who answered said, 'I don't know. You have a good theory, but—'

"At this point, an old member came in to see the treasurer and naturally the attention of all turned to him, for he had his hands full of scrip that he wanted to exchange for money. The men listening to the transaction were amazed at the large amount the roll of scrip represented. 'Oh,' said one of them, 'then you do use money. I thought you only used them homemade tickets and that they were no better than milk tickets.' 'Neither are they,' I said, 'nor are they any better than railroad tickets. We use our "tickets," as you call them, to protect our interests; the railroads do the same. If every one paid the conductors the companies would often be robbed (except with five cent fares.) Those large combinations study economy in every way and so do we. In signing our agreements to pay for your labor in scrip or shares we do it to protect the society, but very often we haven't as much scrip as we have money, so we do pay a portion in money at such times. Then of course we know at the present time, you need it for some things that we cannot supply, so we usually pay you a percentage in coin. We cannot even issue scrip until we have its worth, either in product or some wealth that would redeem it. This is where your labor is valuable to us all and scrip becomes a medium of exchange and is safer than money, for it cannot be lost as money can, but each year our stand-

ing wealth will increase and of course every season will find us in a position to issue that much more scrip as well as shares. That is the way millionaires were produced. It was the labor of the people. They banked their money, the banks loaned it to the rich and in turn they became millionaires by speculating with it. We have no right to their wealth now, though, for we gave it to them. Now we are producing for ourselves and intend to keep these millions for our own necessities.

"If we didn't have the land to build upon or produce building materials, or grow our food, we couldn't issue scrip as we do now. It is from the ground that our wealth comes, but labor is required to produce it. After we had first secured the land we were ready to bring those here who could work upon it and those who were capable of making good roads. The Government granted us such a small sum in comparison to what we needed that of course the real laborers came first. Now we need you builders."

"Well, what have they done about it?" Nellie asked.

"As they realize it is about the only way they can live, now that trusts and combinations are hedging them in on all sides and strikes are only bringing them poverty in the long run, the most of them have arranged to come. Some have actually signed to do portions of the mason work, and I expect we will be getting the buildings erected immediately."

"Did you read those letters, Nellie?" Tom asked.

"No. What are they about?" she inquired.

"A number of old people have applied to be taken in the society and while most of them have enough to pay for the permanent shares entitling them to live here,

many have not enough to pay for their consumable shares; they are able to do a certain amount of work; but they want the protection of the society. Others again wish to place their savings in the society and live where they are with their relatives until the amount required is decided upon. Of course we cannot tell to a certainty how much will be needed to keep one person. Their ideas are so varied, but after they have secured their permanent shares that entitle them to one room, then we can place to their credit what is left and give them employment so they can earn sufficient to make up the balance on their consumable shares. They will have to judge for themselves as to the amount they will require. This they can do after living here for at least a year, for in that time they can calculate from what it has cost them in that time to buy food or other necessities.

"Here is a very pathetic letter:

" 'Mr Vivian.

" 'Dear Sir:—My wife and I are alone. Our children are dead and now that we are old, we feel the noises, heat and other discomforts in the city more every year. The intense cold this last winter has been terrible and we want to get to the country where we can have the necessary comforts within our means. We have been investigating your society and want to join if our means are sufficient to buy the permanent shares that will give us two rooms.

" 'We have been trying to get in several places, but in every one we would be separated. We have only five hundred dollars between us in cash, but I am still able to work, if you think you can find something we can do to make up the balance that we will require for our consumable shares, as you call them.

"If you can help us to be together for the rest of our lives we will be very thankful to you. Yours truly,

"JOHN G. SMITH."

"Here is a portion his wife has written separately, as a postscript to his letter:

"I am as able to work as he and if we could have a little garden and be allowed to keep chickens and a goat, to supply us with milk, we would not be a burden to any one.

"We both lived in the country in our early life and know how to work and would be willing to do anything to help, we are so anxious to be together while we live.

"MARY SMITH."

"Well, Tom, I really think we will have to do something to meet these cases. I have heard that the usual amount for people over sixty years of age is about \$300 each and is kept up by charitable societies. Of course this not being a charitable affair, it must be not only self-sustaining, but self-respecting as well."

"Well," replied Tom, "we could place a certain sum of money as the lowest amount that we could accept, and in that way we could reach a large number. The ready money just now would be sufficient to secure them a home together and would be a benefit to the society. As they are able to work we will not be running a risk. We will bring it before the board at our next meeting and hear what they think about it."

CHAPTER VII.

After Scoris and Helen Vivian had returned to the city they were amazed one morning by a letter from their mother, telling them that Mira and Jack Moberly had married and left Lake View, having gone to his uncle somewhere in the far West. Not long afterwards another letter came from Geron, saying that their mother was terribly grieved about Mira and asking them if they remembered to what city Jack had said that he was going, for they had tried in every way to find out something about them.

Neither of them could remember, so they wrote to their mother in sympathy, telling her that they would do all they could to find out about her. Their lives were busy ones, so the time passed quickly. Scoris was an artist, employed by an illustrating firm, and Helen had a position in a large department store. They still lived in the flat they had shared with Tom before his marriage, and were giving all the time they could spare from their employment to the society in the city. The winter had passed, Mira had written to her mother, asking forgiveness, and the depression on her account had ceased, for she had declared that she was happy.

"Well," Helen remarked one evening, as she and her sister were dressing, "who would have imagined one year ago that we would be benefiting from the society's industry as soon as this? Do you know, Scoris Vivian, that I used to be actually envious of any one who could ride around leisurely in automobiles?"

"Well, I think if we are to be ready in time for our

ride you had better finish lacing that shoe," Scoris replied. "Do you know that it is only half done?" Helen looked down in surprise, smiled and gave her hair another twist, puffed it out here and there, secured it with hair-pins, then sat down leisurely and finished tying her shoe.

Scoris watched her as she started to draw on her gloves.

"Oh, wait till you fasten my waist," Helen said, backing up to her. "I never can do it alone."

While Scoris fastened it, Helen said to her: "How quickly you dress. I don't see how you do it."

"As I am older than you," Scoris said, "I suppose I have learned a few things by experience, and one thing I am persistent in, and that is to have my waists fastened in front so I can be independent of every one else. But there they come. Four have passed and are lining up farther down the street. Yes, there is Paul and his sister in a two-seated one. Don't take time to look, Helen, just hurry."

"Oh! Scoris, please get my veil and gloves while I pin my hat on."

"There they are; tie your veil and come. I will let them see that we know that they are here," Scoris said, as she goes to the door.

"Now come along, you will do, Helen dear; we must not keep them waiting."

The girls appeared amid smiles of anticipation, while Paul Arling assisted them into the automobile.

As they followed the crowd of automobilists winding in and out of the streets, then out to the country on their way to the Colony, I will tell you something about Paul Arling, for he is one of the members and an interesting one. He first became acquainted with Scoris in the illustrating firm where they were both employed, and when the society was first formed in the Vivian parlors she

asked him to attend the meetings. He did so and soon became an interested and enthusiastic worker. He had supported his widowed mother and young sisters for several years. Now all were doing for themselves but his mother, and the interesting thing about him was his devotion to her. It brought out his sterling worth because he made duty a pleasure to himself as well as to her. This evening Scoris took her seat beside him while Helen sat in the one behind with his sister. It was her first automobile trip in company with a party going to the Colony and she was elated. Presently she remarked:

"How quickly ideas are taken up."

"Yes," he answered understanding her, "why wouldn't they be when our profits and pleasures are combined? These conveyances being owned by the society, it gets the profit, enriching the members by increasing the value of their shares. The trusts have been great educators, the more they have crowded us the quicker we have learned to protect ourselves."

"Yes," Scoris replied, "and it has brought out many a hidden talent just by giving it an opportunity to unfold. Ideas are like seeds planted in the ground—they must have a chance to bloom or they are no better than a weed. No one will know the difference."



Helen called from the back: "What are you two moralizing about? I do believe you two have forgotten how to enjoy yourselves."

"Oh, no!" Scoris answered. "I am just learning how to appreciate a new way." Mr. Arling smiled at Helen and the conversation became general.

"Scoris said they had missed the drives around the country so much since they had been in the city," Miss Arling remarked in a resigned way. "We have never known the pleasure before. The street cars have been our carriages principally. Don't you think, Paul, that you are going too fast?"

"Why, no; all the rest are ahead of us; does it frighten you? We will go slower if you are uneasy."

"Just a little," she gasped. "I suppose I will get used to the speed in time. Oh, look at those trees! How beautiful they are," she exclaimed, as the machine entered a thickly wooded road.

"The country is always beautiful in June," Scoris said, "for its young leaves are so fresh and bright, and automobiling is so exhilarating; this is the loveliest ride I have had in years."

Mr. Arling looked gratified, and while the veils streamed out behind and the girls hung on to their hats, they flew on until they reached the rest of the party and in a short time the Colony also.

It was a lovely evening during the latter part of June. Tom and Nellie had moved into a tent for the summer, as the farm house had been needed for an office.

Their city acquaintances were very curious to see everything and were surprised at the comforts to be had under the circumstances.

The apartment houses were only partly built and some of the factories were actually running, so it was a small



town of tents and makeshifts until their permanent homes were ready.

All were glad to see their friends. They were to form a boating party, and before starting to the lake, Paul Arling said to Tom Vivian: "I want to secure four more shares for my mother. You see, we came out here on business as well as pleasure. I want permanent shares and I came direct to you, for I want them to secure the five-year interest, for in that time I hope to have secured her pension as well as her apartments, so that she may feel safe for life. It is better than an insurance policy, for nothing can be lost here, and in case of my death she is not competent to invest money left in that way. Besides, if I survive her, which I will in all probability, I will have the benefit of the permanent shares. There is a young millionaire in our crowd to-night, did you know, Vivian? He seems to be interested in some of the ventures that have been taken in starting the factories. I don't suppose he will invest in them. He never earned a dollar in his life, knows nothing about the distress of the struggling classes, just has some friends who are members; that is how he happened to come. He wanted to know why we started before we had more capital. I told him five hundred members now constituted a market, for all farm produce to commence with, made the transaction a good and sufficient reason for securing a farm. A second reason, that being near the city the president secured work for the unemployed. The society having secured transportation by manufacturing enough automobiles during the first summer that the society was forming to take the toilers to the land independent of the railroads, was the means of starting enough laborers to grow the food and dig the foundations of the buildings.

Many people said at the time, 'But how can you find enough land near the city to make it pay?' he asked.

"'Our owning automobiles solved that difficulty,' I told him, 'as long as we had land to build upon and raise garden truck the first few years. We only secured as much land as we could pay rent for by the membership fee.' There he is now, he evidently knows Birch, for they have recognized each other."

Yes, he knew him, for at one time he and Birch were rivals. As they looked at each other, he exclaimed:

"Why, what are you doing here?"

"I am living here," replied Birch.

"What!" he said, in surprise, "living in this slow place where there is nothing to be seen, and you a graduate of the first college in the country? Well, if I had passed with the honors that you did, I would have been in some city practicing law. We all thought you intended to."

"No, sir," Birch replied, "no profession for me in these days. I want freedom. Hundreds of our fellows are scattered among our cities with their shingles out to practice on the helpless sick, so I am doing what I can for others who are not even as fortunate, by giving them something to do in my restaurant. I have two learning to cook. You see they want a good living and know they will be as much respected as cooks as poverty-stricken doctors and lawyers who fill up the offices in the down-town buildings. This society, you know, honors all labor, and the higher the education the better the prospects will be, for those who are on the spot to take what comes."

"But I don't see how you can ever become rich."

Young Birch answers, "To become rich in these days is to usually become a gigantic swindler or pirate. I don't care to be either. I want to be a

self-respecting man and expect to be honored as a man of the best class, not necessarily rich. I do intend to be a man of means and prosperous. This society protects the people of small means and those who have talent. But here is my wife, you know her."

Yes, he knew her for she had been the one in all the world to him, only two years before, but young Birch had been preferred to him; he had never known why. Most girls are foolish, he had thought, and now he knew it.

The whole party filled the boats and were enjoying the fun, singing and telling funny stories; in one boat, some were making love and the others having a good time watching them. Then one boat would get away from the others and some would start singing, another would answer, and all the boats would take it up until it was time to start for the shore. When they returned to the tents the city friends were deeply interested in the supper when they learned it had been cooked by college men.

"You see we have our meals here," Tom explained, "and the one dining room answers for all. Mr. and Mrs. Birch have charge of this building and they attend to all the tables and cooking."

Mrs. Birch remarked, "Yes, we even did the work until there were enough to cook for to enable us to pay for having it done, and I am proud of my accomplishments in that line, I can assure you."

"You may be sure we all appreciate your talent not only in that line, but in many others besides," said Tom gallantly.

Mr. Birch had ordered the supper to be ready and all sat down to do justice to the luscious strawberries and good rich cream, hot biscuits and other delicacies

of the farm. Then all the city guests said "good night" and went back, spinning along in their automobiles and enjoying the cool air while they talked over the possibilities of the Colony and their interest in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

There is nothing that gives a better opportunity for friendship than for people to be thrown together in some interesting work or undertaking.

A great deal has been written about love affairs that were started on board ship but the society had broken the record, for it, unlike the short passage on the ocean, had been continuous. The men and women have had an opportunity to learn more about each other. It raised the standard in each sex. Each became independent of the other financially, therefore real love matches were the result. Men's responsibility were being shared by their wives, and they were not so afraid to venture on the matrimonial journey. One thing, they are not so likely to step into it without preparation. Paul Arling was becoming fond of Scoris Vivian, but he felt that he had no right to neglect his mother's interests even for her. She was young, while his mother was too old to support her, self. He knew that Scoris had many admirers and yet he thought to himself "she certainly favors me. I wonder if it is because she sees more of me than the rest. I would like to know, but I have no right to ask her until I know that mother is provided for. And yet, the society has made it possible to so centralize our interests that the risk is not what it would have been without it. She wouldn't be an added burden, for she has more shares than I have. What a blessing is rightly directed industry, combined with economy! We don't have to wait until we can fit up an establishment. But here I am taking it for granted that

she loves me and that she would have me. Ah! well, longings and wishes sometimes blind our vision. It may be purely imagination on my part, but the expression of her eyes rest on me so differently from any other. I have watched her closely, I am sure she cares for me. She thrills me through and through if she but smiles upon me; and she does not smile in the same way at any one else. Surely it is so. I would like to call upon her tonight, but I have no excuse," he still muses. But love always finds a way, and in looking around for it, his mother appeared dressed for the street.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, just for a walk, not anywhere in particular. Won't you come along?"

"Which way?" he asked, as they stand at the door, apparently uncertain.

"I usually go to the lake," she answered. "The air is so clear and fresh there and I like to watch the water rolling and see the people. I go there often."

"Very well," he replied, and they start in that direction, he turning over the thought uppermost in his mind all the time. "You go to the lake often do you?"

"Yes, quite often. Why, do you want to go anywhere else?" (She had noticed his abstracted air.) "It is immaterial to me; I am so glad to have you take a walk with me I will go anywhere."

"Oh! that is not quite fair," he answered, smiling. "You always have the girls to go with you, so I don't like to intrude."

"Lucky thought,"—he said to himself. "That new building near the Vivians' flat, with the figures on it that were drawn by a member of our society, I will take her to see it. You know Will Green, the

architect," he continued. "Well, if you don't mind I would like you to see a building he has been erecting. It is around on another street. We will turn here. Clever fellow, clever fellow," he said absently. His mother looked at him sideways, wondering what he meant. He slipped his arm under her's while they crossed the street. Presently she said: "There is no hurry, is there?" for he had quickened his pace like a horse on the home stretch, not quite running, but faster than she was accustomed to walking.

"Oh, no," he answered as he slackened suddenly, "I didn't know I was going so fast." Some middle-aged women learn to be diplomatic, though it is not usual. She knew that this walk was not taken on her account, but she was not going to spoil it by letting him see that she knew it. They stopped at the building he had spoken of. He pointed out the stone carving he had brought her to see, all in a mechanical way. Then they walked along a little farther, when he in the most surprised way, that even his mother did not detect at first, said: "Why, here is where the Vivians live! Let's make a call." At that moment Scoris appeared at the window, and thinking that they were coming for that purpose smiled and came to the door. The intimacy between the two families became closer as time passed, for there was always something to bring them together.

Scoris would wonder sometimes if Paul really did care for her. He would seem so interested in her, take such pains to bring his family and hers together and his eyes had often spoken more than words, yet he was silent. She would like to have known. "But after all," she said to her self, "we are not in a position to marry if he did care for me."

Two years passed and she had so many cares to occupy her mind that she was satisfied to let things remain as they were. She had secured a number of shares in the society, saying to herself, "marriage is not the only aim in life, and I will devote myself to art. I am weary of seeing my creations used for advertisements—of working for a firm that looks upon me as a part of its machinery. If our society was older advertisements wouldn't be needed. What will you do then?" she asks herself. "Why, why," she hesitates, then thinks again, "what will I do?" The answer didn't come right away. She returned to it many times. Once she thought, "I will have enough saved to keep me before then. I can live in the Colony where the necessities of life are of more consequence to all than luxuries, and I can do without many things I like. Why, I do now. First my drawings and paintings are used to attract trade. The firm gets the credit for them, and about ten times more than I receive for them. Do I like that? It has greater expenses I am aware, but not ten times the amount. I work six days out of the week from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., with about two weeks' holidays once a year, and then I have to lose my time. If my eyesight fails in middle life, the age limit will pounce upon me with the lash of necessity. I certainly do not like the prospect. Marry the millionaire that Libra has taken so much trouble to persuade you to.

"Marry? No, if I ever marry, it will be for love and companionship. He is a nice fellow, his money would help to carry out the very things I am working for! I like him and he is fond of me. If I had never seen Paul I would have learned to love him. He and others who are wealthy have proved to me that human nature is the same whether rich or poor. Both kinds of people can be

selfish and they average the same in generosity, both he and Libra's husband are generous. Lear is a rich man and Libra is happy with him, why couldn't I? Because," she answers the one-sided debate, "we wouldn't be companionable and because he knows nothing about the poverty in our midst. He would expect me to out-rival other women and display his wealth while I would know that little children were hungry and the aged were cold and homeless. Every time I took up the daily newspaper and saw the accounts of suicides and all the rest of the misery caused by money being drawn into the hands of the few, I would have to say to myself 'coward!' No, I will not marry him. I never encouraged him. He would never have asked me but for Libra. I can hear him say it yet, in answer to an argument brought up about the working classes, 'No one can reach them all, so what is the use of our trying to do an impossible thing?' 'No one person can change any condition in which all the people are involved, but if each one does his or her share, individually, it can be done,' I told him, 'and I will not desert the cause.'"

Scoris had been alone all evening, and as she loosened her hair and let it fall around her shoulders, she arrived at this mental conclusion; then she heard Helen unlock the front door and come in to their parlor.

"I thought you had gone to bed, you were so quiet," Helen said.

"Did you enjoy the play?" Scoris asked, as she fastened her loose gown and slipped on her soft shoes.

"Very much," Helen answered. "Libra and Lear would have come in if they had known you were up."

"I am glad they did not," Scoris said. "You know what Libra is after, and I have made up my mind that I will never marry."



Scoris had been alone all evening and as she loosened her hair and let it fall around her shoulders she arrived at this mental conclusion.

"Never?" Helen asked in a quizzical way. "There are other men besides the millionaire."

"Yes, dear, I know," Scoris answered, "but some of them, like me, don't wish to marry."

"I have not seen you since morning," Helen said after a while. "Well, I have been promoted."

Her duties were in a basement of the store where she was employed and she had discovered that her eyesight was becoming defective. She was told that it was from the glare of the electric light and that she would have to wear glasses after two or three years there. "You cannot tell the colors accurately without them," the oculist had said.

It was bad enough to have to work in a basement, day by day from one year's end to another, without having to impair her eyesight. Glasses were her horror, but she must work, and at last she applied to the head manager to give her something where she could work by daylight for at least a part of the day, and was sent up to the dress department.

"You see, Scoris," she explained, "after my capabilities had been inquired into as a saleswomen, then I had to be looked over for all the world as if I was a horse for sale. I passed on the strength of my figure, height and lady-like appearance. The humiliating ordeal was trying, but I won't have to wear those glasses, thank goodness, and, do you know, Scoris, my salary will be raised. But I have to get a new tailor-made gown with a train, made in the latest style, so as to make the best appearance.

"Well," Scoris remarked, "it is very nice to be dressed well and I am pleased you are going to be out of that basement. I felt uneasy about your eyes. I have seen so many people who had to give up work altogether on account of the long hours under the electric light.

Especially when their work is steady all day, as yours has been. Now, my work is more trying to the eyes than yours, and if I had to use electric light it would blind me, even with my shorter hours."

The next evening Helen came home in her new dress, walking rather slowly, paying more attention to the holding up of her skirt than to her surroundings. She walked past her own door before she noticed it. Scoris meeting her, she exclaimed:

"Do you know this dress has cost me so much that it will take me over two months to pay for it, and when the weekly amount is taken out of my salary I won't have as much as I did in the basement? No wonder they pay more for this kind of work, or agree to, for in reality, they don't pay as much, as we have to get new gowns every three months so as to be in style."

"Never mind," said Scoris, "it won't last many years, for the society is gradually gathering in all the industries. Then we will only have to work about half the time that we do now and have more holidays, and rest. I have just been reading the society's paper for this month. Listen and see what you think of this.

"Mrs. Thorn and our president have just completed the transferring of the property to the society. We know all our members will be pleased to learn that we now own the land our principal buildings are on, as well as the buildings themselves. I also wish to draw attention to the increase of the society's wealth in being able to secure this land in such a short time since we began our society. It proves the theory of concentrated effort as well as the combined industry of us all. Our old obligations to Mrs. Thorn are the same as to any other member. She now owns sufficient shares in the permanent wealth to entitle her to a three-room apartment. These shares are

in the names of her three children, giving her a life interest in said shares. Besides, she receives a pension during her life. This places her in a better position than when she only received the rent, securing for her a better home than she had before. Her apartments have a hot water bath and other conveniences and are heated; then, like all the other tenants, she has the use of the dining room and kitchen, public parlor, etc., in fact, it makes her independent for life and secures to her two married daughters as well as to her son a home during their lives, after her death, of at least one room each, they having become members so as to entitle them to that privilege. Our business transactions have been very satisfactory with her and we take great pleasure in recommending her for the title we are about to confer on all honorable members, and this is the first publication of her name. The society is about to confer the title of "The Honorable" to Mrs. Thorn's name, if there are no just reasons why such title should not be given. This notice will be published in regard to her and the other members, for three months, and the list will be found on the second page of this paper.

"All members who have proven themselves to be honest and trustworthy in their lives and an honor to our cause during the past two years are eligible. Their past life up to two years ago we do not hold against them, as we believe this society enables all to live honestly. If, however, it is proved that any who have applied for the honors we wish to confer upon them are unworthy, or if they in any way break the law of the country, they cannot receive these titles until they have reformed. Again, no person in our society can retain any title if at any time proven unworthy. These titles cannot be transferred to any other person, nor are they

hereditary, nor can a husband confer a title upon his wife. A wife cannot give this title to her husband. They are issued to our honorable members to give them prominence over the idle and the undeserving, also to show our respect for all labor. We believe that in this way the generations of the future may become equal. We know they are not at the present day. We are treating facts as we find them and intend doing our duty by honoring the best among us by titles. Those who do not come up to the standard we do not condemn, but silently ignore in all business transactions where they could get the best of us or disgrace us. They are not allowed to hold office nor to help make the laws or to sit in the Council of this society. Therefore, the title gives to the society a dignity that is required in the present time on account of the dishonesty that prevails among all classes. We are sure that all honest people will appreciate these titles, for by them they will be known.'

"Quite an article, don't you think so?"

"Why, yes, indeed, but it will be years before we can use them; that is, you and I. We would be ridiculed in the store or illustrating house where you are. Just think, if it were known that you are 'The Honorable' Scoris Vivian, for now you are considered only a good servant by the firm, and nothing more."

"Oh, yes, of course," Scoris replied, "still it is a good deal in our private life to be held worthy of the honor. It will always give us a standing among the best class of people, and to be known as an honorable person is a protection for us in that class. Holding a title will show where we belong socially, no matter what our employment may be. In the present time, if we do certain kinds of work, we lose caste, because labor is not honored as it should be. See the position I am in—illustrating for

a firm that gets the benefit of my talent and ability. I have no opportunity of enjoying the triumphs; all is the work of the firm and they can be depended upon—the public says. ‘According to the opinions of the money class this is as it should be. This woman is only too glad to find employment. We who have money have a right to dictate.’ I think differently. It is mine and I should have the benefit of my own creations and industry, and it is hard to bear when some rare illustration has been used for common advertising.”

“Yes, Scoris, I know it is harder for you than my position is for me, but I would sooner do anything else. When I mentioned the fact to Libra she begged me not to do so or it would disgrace her if it became known among her set. I hate to be on my feet all day, bowing and saying polite things to the people I serve in that store, and then to think I only receive a bare living. I know I have talent and it makes me almost despise myself to be subjected to it.”

“Patience, Helen dear, the times are changing and you are doing your share. That article you wrote last week was a rousing good one and I have been complimented on having such a clever sister who was capable of expressing herself so fearlessly in the cause of right. Keep up your writings until you are better known and sufficient returns come in to justify you in making it your life’s work. You are not the first or the last to be placed in an unpleasant position.”

“And just think, Scoris, so many have asked me how I ever got such a nice position. Oh, well, every one to their taste.”

“Here is a letter from Nellie,” Scoris said, “and she and Tom are coming to make us a visit.”

“I don’t suppose we will see very much of them for

already the different members are arranging to entertain them. Tom will change places for two weeks with the city manager and will be very busy. I am glad they are coming," Helen replied.

One morning Scoris received a letter from her mother, saying that Geron had mortgaged his portion of the estate and that Lear Shuman had secured him a position in the city at such a good salary that they were all going to move in a few months. The girls had heard about his dissatisfaction and were not surprised at the news, but regretted it, for they knew that it was a mistake. "One comfort we will have out of it: mother will live with us," Helen remarked.

"Yes," Scoris said, "it will be nice for us, but hard for her, after living all her life in the freedom of the open country, away from smoke and dust. Think of Geron investing the money he received on the mortgage in stocks. The uncertainty of it and that Lear advised it. That is the outcome of that visit Geron and Grace paid them a year ago. The salary Geron is to receive seems large to him now, but how little he knows about the destruction of clothing and household goods with the constant dust. I am afraid they will regret it."

CHAPTER X.

In another week Tom and Nellie arrived in the city on a visit and were astonished at their reception. They had intended seeing their old friends and enjoying a quiet time, but instead were rushed from one place to another and were constantly told that "of course you must see so-and-so, for they are such good workers in the cause, don't you know, and will be encouraged if you will only see them."

They went everywhere and enjoyed the occasion, being pleased that they were so well received.

"But, Tom," Nellie said one morning, "we must see more of Scoris. I am getting impatient to see the effect those presents will have upon her and the surprise they will be. Do you know, Tom, what Scoris Vivian is like? A beautiful diamond—a continual surprise; the setting is so simple, so unobtrusive, but the gem is always seen. To me her life is one continual sparkling ray of love that is never hidden. Just think of it! Here we have been feted and given receptions by members who were so glad to honor us for what you have done, and she had as much to do with this movement in the beginning as you had and a great deal more than I, yet no one seems to realize it. We are receiving all the presents from the manufacturers, and I am glad I found out her taste in regard to dress. Now we can give her her choice, for she certainly deserves the best. I never was dressed so well before and it helps the cause that much more. I am glad it pays them to send them to us."

"Pays them!" laughed Tom. "Well, I should think

it did. Do you know how many cases our members have already taken from that firm that was the first to send these samples?"

"No; how many?"

"I forget the exact figure, but it was more than any of the old firms they have been dealing with, I was told, and we are only in our infancy as a society. It has paid them well to become members and will start others to do so, for of course we secure them a market in a way that helps the society and makes them no expense for advertising and the returns are large. It will be only a matter of time when they will manufacture under the name of the society."

"So you have gotten away from them all at last!" exclaimed Scoris, as she met them at the door the next evening. "We were afraid they were going to monopolize you during the whole visit, you are so popular. I have felt so gratified. And your beautiful gowns! Why, Nellie, you are bewitching! Come, now, stand up for inspection. That dress is lovely and fits like a glove. From your hat to your shoes all is perfection. I am going out to that colony, for I see you have a fairy god-mother out there. Why, my dear, you look like a girl of sixteen."

Tom drew the two women to him who had been so much to him, while all laughed at the demonstration of affection.

"A bright group worthy of a larger audience," said Helen, as she breaks in on their meeting.

"But the fine clothes," said Scoris.

Nellie laughed and struck an attitude that the girls might see all the beauty of the costume, while all were convulsed with laughter at the faces she made.

"Has that colony struck a gold mine?" Helen asked, "or from whence cometh all this grandeur?"

"Yes and no," continued Tom. "We have struck a mine of wealth and it produces gold when that metal is desired. So it amounts to the same thing and it is the greatest mine on earth, too, for it is producing what gold cannot buy, and that is the kindly interest and affection of our members. We all stand by each other."

"We have something here for you, Scoris, so you can take your choice. You come first then, Helen, then we will send the rest to other workers in the cause. We want you to help us select and sort them."

"Why, Nellie," said Scoris, "these are beautiful. I never had anything like this silk, and when can I wear it?"

"The occasion will be marked by well dressed members of the Colony," Tom said, "and it is just as it should be. Our coronation days should be so distinguished by well dressed people that they will always be remembered and the picture will make a decided impression upon the minds of every one."

"Oh," exclaimed Scoris, "here is something I have wanted for years. It is so light, cool and beautiful, these dainty lawns, these woolens, silks and cloths. Why, they will last me for years. Everything I need is here in the way of clothing."

Helen was given her choice, then amid the exclamations of joy and satisfaction of being the first to appear in all these samples sent out from the manufacturers, the conversation soon turned to the discussion of dress-makers. They abounded in the Colony, but the one who made Nellie's dresses was preferred. It was apparent that her style was superior and the work of the best.

"Now, girls, all you have to do is to look lovely as

becomes a thriving and wealthy community. These presents make it possible, and remember you are producing wealth and should be making use of the best of everything. In this exchanging of interests and materials we must make a good appearance. We owe it to ourselves as leaders and it will have a great effect on the people at large."

"Nothing succeeds like success," continued Tom. "The appearance of it stimulates the ones who are afraid to venture. A nicely dressed person always lives in our memory."

The girls laughed.

"Well, if you don't believe this, try the effect of walking down the dreary, dirty streets in any of our large cities and see if it doesn't have a depressing effect. Then cross over to the ones that are bright with all that prosperity gives to enhance the general appearance of both the houses and the people and see if the memory of the latter will not be stimulating in comparison, especially when you have it in your power to improve your own surroundings, as this society gives you. The main thing is to fix your aim high. To build a grand house it is necessary to dig and make lots of dirt in laying the foundation and so it has been in achieving the end we had in view, but when we meet together to enjoy the well-earned recreation, we must see to it that our bodies are properly clothed, for they will show the amount of our ability and will prove how much we know of the power of concentration, or the law of attraction. No one should be ignorant of these things."

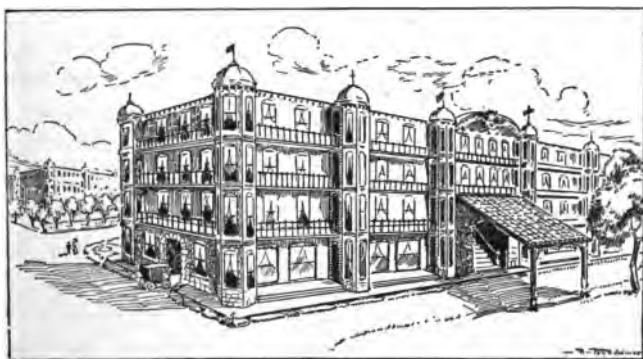
"Well, Tom, I believe you have studied human nature from every standpoint," said Scoris. "I will certainly profit by all these lovely things, for I was beginning to be ashamed to go out anywhere. I have saved so much

of my salary to secure shares that I have hated to spend anything for clothes, but I believe you are right. My whole life is before me, and I may as well enjoy it."

A day or two later, when Tom and Nellie found themselves in their home again, Tom said, "We have had a pleasant time and I thoroughly enjoyed it, but I am glad to get home again. These apartments we are using this year are so superior to anything we ever had in the city. Fresh air is certainly a luxury, and an atmosphere free from dust is another."

CHAPTER XI.

At this time the society was in its sixth year and many changes had taken place. Tom Vivian had proved to the most skeptical that wealth producing and distributing



among the members was the only just way of doing business. He and Nellie were talking it over one day when he exclaimed quite abruptly:

"Nellie, I have just found out that our sister Mira has signed away her legacy that she should receive now on her twenty-first birthday. She signed it away two years ago. I wish we could find out where she is, for mother is grieving herself to death, it is so long since we have had any word from her. I find Geron is sorry that he ever mortgaged his place. He seems to be very blue, and that may be partly the reason mother is looking so worried. We must cheer her up when she comes."

"I will do my best, Tom dear. I think the sight of the children will do her good, they are so bright and happy.

Everything is systematized here and our apartments are so cheery and bright that I feel sure she will enjoy her visit."

Mrs. Vivian came the next day and Tom and Nellie showed her all the improvements made since her last visit. She seemed most interested in the children's department, but thought the idea of having them in a public nursery might be all right as long as the parents were in constant communication. "But I cannot see that it is best to separate them."

"But, mother, we are not separated. We can have them here as we like, only the advantage to them is greater."

Next day Mrs. Vivian took her place in the nursery and was there long enough to be convinced that this kind of place was the best on earth for children. The top floor was the infants' department from a month old to the age when they could walk. Every contrivance to teach the oldest ones to use their feet and at the same time protect their bodies was here to aid them until they were strong enough to stand on their feet. Swinging chairs and frames to push around in learning to walk were placed around on the bare floors, which were white and clean. In another apartment were little cots in a row and an arrangement (if one became restless) was attached to each cot so that it could be rolled out into another room.

The nurses had eighteen hours for themselves in their own homes and six in the nursery. These short hours made them much more patient than mothers who have usually from two to six children to take care of, besides cooking and taking what time they can get to rest at night.

Telephones were in all the buildings and the night watchmen in the apartments were kept at close range so that the parents might be called at any time.

The next floor was where the older children live. These from the time they were old enough to learn are placed in the kindergarten three hours daily. The rest of the time is spent in resting and amusing themselves. Another grade, still older, are taught to be useful for a short time each day, to form industrious habits. Then they amused themselves the rest of the time and were under the watchful eye of the nurses and teachers.

In the evening Mrs. Vivian was ready to tell of her experience.

"Well, I am surprised," she said. "I never thought of having children all in one place and special people to take care of them. Certainly the children are the better for the good system it necessitates. I was impressed with the graceful bearing of the girls and the manliness of the boys. All speak to each other in such a polite, kindly way. When you consider that some are born of parents who are ignorant of the refinements of social life, it is surprising. At the table particularly they handled their knives, forks and spoons as if bred and born in a social atmosphere of ease and refinement. I must say, Tom, that I don't understand this. I have always supposed that children born of parents who only understood work could not be taught these things but would show their breeding at least for three generations."

"Well, mother, you are right to a degree, for the breeding of human beings has been so terribly neglected that it requires the constant attention of our nurses to watch and guide these unformed minds in the principles of right living and thinking. The latter is the most important, of course, for thought precedes action; every

means is employed to direct their thoughts into the right channels. We employ a number of artists to guide the first impressions of these young minds. Every picture on the wall teaches some lesson, and the reward of loving deeds must be taught by those in charge. The nurses must be in good health, patient and bright, for the future of these children demands it. In the beginning of this colony we carefully selected women who were not only educated, but adapted to teaching, guiding and nursing. We realize that the early life of children is the most important, for the impressions gained then and the habits formed are hard to change. We don't allow any harsh dealings with them, though determination is absolutely necessary."

The next day Mrs. Vivian reported her experience. "Well," she said, "the more I see of the simple arrangements the more perfect the system seems to me. I only saw the long tables yesterday, where all sat up as straight as soldiers, with their napkins spread over their laps, instead of being tucked into the necks of their waists, but today I discovered there are grades, and the newcomers are placed at a table behind a screen until the nurses see how they behave. Those who have been there a long time are not allowed to see the little strangers until they are taught to behave properly. A roar and a scream of laughter was heard from some new children. As I glanced their way I saw a teaspoonful of milk thrown with good aim in the face of one of them by a culprit who looked as innocent as if he couldn't do such a thing. Only the twinkle in the eye that the children could see gave evidence of the guilty one. Bits from the table were scattered upon the floor and one was holding her plate with both hands, actually licking it. Presently, one after the other jumped down and see-

ing one left, ran around and drew her chair from in under her. Down she came, spilling her milk all over her clothes. All were laughing and choking with their mouths full and began running around the building. Still not one word was said to them. The other children, at a signal from the lady principal, stepped down from their chairs, waited in line until told to move, which they did as orderly as soldiers on parade, and passed from the room.

"The small table and the polished floor were left in the same disorder until all the rest of the dining room was straightened and the children out of sight. Then the little strangers were called in and told to pick up everything and remove the cloth. They immediately resented the authority, so the nurse told the one she had noticed licking her plate that when little girls didn't obey orders they were not allowed to have any more preserves and that all their cake was taken and given to the good children. It had the desired effect and she gave in, seeing which the others did also. The worst boy was only a daring, bold, fun-loving urchin who had never been taught his own rights, much less those of others, so the nurse said, 'Come, let us hurry or we will miss all the fun they are having outdoors.' She showed them how, and they laughed at the mistakes made, but they did their best, just the same. The floor had to be swept and they were amused at the unusual play, as they considered it, for the nurse kept them laughing until all was done. When they were through they found all the other children had gone and were told they could put on their flannel suits and wade in the pond and throw all the water they liked on each other so long as it did not hurt them. They still looked longingly around to see where the rest of the children were. The nurse told them they would always

have to play by themselves until they had learned to be tidy. They saw the rest having a good time, while they were like chickens in a coop, thrusting their little, chubby hands through the wire fence, trying to get out, with wistful glances turned to the nurse in charge. She played horse to amuse them, still they realized that



they were not having the same privileges that the rest were, and it had the desired effect. A lesson in obedience had been taught; they had learned that even fun in the wrong place and at the wrong time was a mistake. If they bring those children under the same discipline that the rest are I will give them more credit than any one I ever knew."

CHAPTER XII.

Both Tom and Nellie explained to their mother everything they could.

Nellie told her that only those who are born under certain zodiacal signs were capable of teaching children and have the natural patience necessary. "We have it all down to a science. We have every child's birthday recorded and can tell almost to a certainty their dispositions. Some can be managed through their affections and crave to be caressed; others will push you away and resent such familiarity, even when quite small; some are so fond of their pretty dresses that dressing them plainly at such times serves as a punishment; others don't care what they wear. We have certain people thoroughly taught to attend to this one branch of their education, and we chose our lady principal from those who have been thoroughly drilled along this line. They know which children will be attracted to each other and don't interfere with their likes or dislikes. They only need guiding. Now in their homes they don't have the same advantages that they have here or among a number. Children born in a fire sign very rarely agree with those born in a water sign and constantly fret each other, and there is a continual spluttering and sissing such as we find where fire comes in contact with water. Among the four elements that the race represents is a vast variety of dispositions, and it takes persons of great ability as well as experience to classify them and bring out the best in each child. We believe that human beings have as good right to be bred as animals, but we don't find they are, so we

have to make the best of them as they are. We do all we can to make each little life a pleasure to itself and to every one else. We have no favorites; one child gets the same attention as all the rest.

"Did you see our babies today, mother?" Nellie inquired.

"Why, I see them every day I go. Do you suppose I could go where they are and not see them? Your boy is growing finely and little Scoris so like her namesake. I feel that you have named her under an inspiration. She is so demure and quiet, yet so determined when she imagines she is not being treated right. Today the head nurse asked her to take a shoe to the nurse that a baby had kicked off, but Scoris shook her head. 'Take the shoe, Scoris, dear,' the nurse repeated. 'No, me won't,' Scoris said. 'Yes, be quick, that is a good girl.' 'No, me will not,' said the mite, at the same time running and giving it as she had been told, yet resenting that she had to do it. 'Now, me won't,' she continued, stamping her little foot. It was hard to keep from laughing, she looked so angry. They say she won't be ordered without a protest, unless in one of her best moods. They know what to do, however, and she minds as a rule and has one of the best dispositions. I saw her at the sand pile afterwards and her voice could be heard above the rest and her laugh was the merriest. Then again I found her at the pond, splashing water and enjoying life as all children should. That pond is a splendid thing. I never saw children enjoy anything as much as they do that basin called 'the pond.' and the water being kept at the right temperature, makes it safe. They have three sizes I was told today."

"Why, yes," said Tom, "for all children like to splash in water and we have the right dimensions ac-

cording to their size. Each day they are allowed to splash and wade in it. The doctors say it is healthful for them. Then usefulness is taught as young as they can understand it. Obedience is enforced in one way or another, and thus it makes harmony. We get Scoris nearly every evening and take her out during the fine weather, but if she has been rebellious, we don't. She understands and has needed only one or two lessons.

"It is a comfort to have such intelligent women to take charge of them while we are busy attending to the affairs of the society. Not only ours but every child has everything to make them happy and contented, and all are bright and healthy. Such a contrast to the homes shared with grownup people! Those who have charge of them giving their whole attention to them and no scolding or faultfinding! Just a continual guiding and patience while the young minds are expanding. The merry laughter and fun always acts as a tonic after I have been there. Everything is done in such an intelligent manner. The way those women study the dispositions of each child and bring out only the best in each is wonderful."

The next day the little ones who had been rebellious were so much better that they were allowed to have their table where they could see the others. One remarked: "I wish we could have flowers." Another asked: "Can't we have a linen tablecloth instead of the oil cloth?" The nurse said, "Yes, when you stop spilling your milk and food on this." "And the nice dishes with flowers on them?" another said. "Yes, but you must learn to use your knives and forks correctly first, and then you may sit at the long table."

"In this way they were taught to look upon each improvement as a promotion and tried all the harder to be neat so they could be with the rest, so you see punish-

ment was not necessary, for one child taught another unconsciously.

"The flowers in the garden were enclosed so the small children could see but not reach them, and this was done to teach them to love nature; but the wire fence shows that restrictions are a part of their education, and as soon as they can be trusted or are old enough to understand they may go among them. They are not for show alone or beauty. The older ones work among them and consider it a privilege to weed or rearrange them."

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. Vivian, "and I think the idea of making them useful is a splendid one."

"Oh, we do," continued Tom. "The older children always help to gather the fruit and a strict account is kept of their labor and we place it on their shares. During the fruit season our school hours are short, for we consider industrious habits of just as much value to them as book learning. The kindergarten is kept up the same for the small ones. The work keeps the children out of mischief and makes them self-reliant, and as their future is provided for there is no need to hurry them. During the heat of the day they rest or amuse themselves. Our strawberries pay well and the children do most of the gathering. The boys also climb the fruit trees while the girls pick the lower branches for all other kinds of fruit. Their playing, sleeping and resting is all looked after. They are only allowed to work about two hours a day and we look upon it as the exercise that is necessary to develop muscle and strengthen the body, and the brain being occupied at the same time, while they are breathing good, pure air, will make them stronger men and women."

"The most of our great men have lived at some time of their lives in the country, or were so surrounded by nature that they have been able to breathe the pure air in

their earliest childhood. Certainly their clear brains have proved the virtue of it. It is wonderful what children can do on the farm when protected by the laws of the society from overwork, and it will be a benefit to them all their lives, for without healthy bodies you cannot have expert brains or well rounded lives.

"The surroundings of large cities are responsible in a great degree for the crimes committed there. Money is such a necessity, there being no other exchange for labor, it has got to come some way. Then the poor, stunted brains with only enough animal cunning to realize their present necessities, steal. Are they responsible for their action, especially when their labor is at a discount or no work to be had at all? All their muscles are stiff and in need of exercise that some regular employment would give them.

"We are not rearing children to amass fortunes for the idle.

"The society was growing rapidly, branches had sprung up near every city with their full equipments of industries, all being separate at first. Each one as they had proved their ability to manage their own affairs were applying to the original society to unite, and we are ready to do so," Tom explained to his wife and mother.

"We own large tracts of land in every direction and control a number of mines, timber lands, rubber plantations, coal in every grade and coal oil. We own sheep ranches and cattle, besides large cotton districts in our southern climate. The society has at this time, its order houses, representing everything, all managed under the scrip system, yet using money when necessary. No new system could change the old order of things all at once. Those who imagined the working people were created for their special use were indignant that intelligent people

should introduce a system compelling them to pay larger salaries and decrease their dividends. They had imagined that the working people were born especially to earn a living for them. When I refer to working people, I include all who earn their living from those who work in the ditch to those who call their employment positions, it's all labor. Intelligent people have shaken off their burdens since the society has shown them how. They have taken their experience, gained by serving others, into a co-operative system protected by the society and they are accumulating the wealth for themselves that they used to give away."

"Yes," Nellie answered, "and this natural result is strengthening us on all sides."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Well, the children are off my hands at last," said Mira Moberly. "What a comfort it is to be able to sit down and think once in a while! Oh, dear! there is the bell. No wonder some people think heaven is a state of rest, if they all long for it as I do. A letter from mother! Oh, I am so glad!" As she reads her letter, we will tell you about her life since she left her old home.

She had the fate of thousands of others. She had come to a large city a young, inexperienced bride, very much in love with her husband. The uncle who had been the cause of their coming, fitted up their home with every luxury, besides showing her many kindnesses. Jack was proud of her and through his uncle's influence they were introduced to a circle of acquaintances. She was happy and enjoyed being a center of attraction the first few months. She was often homesick but Jack did all he could to make her contented.

The first year passed, then the baby took up her attention. The third year came and two babies claimed her. The fourth year found her a sad-faced matron with more cares than she knew how to bear. Jack had changed. He was no longer the loving husband, but was becoming bloated and reckless with drink, so that even his little children shrank from him. This was what she had left home, mother and plenty for. This was the man she had promised to love, honor and obey. Could she love a man who neglected her children as well as herself? Could she honor this drunkard and gambler? Could she obey such a specimen of manhood? In what

could she respect him? And yet the memory of other days would come to her and she would try again and again to change him. He was the father of her children and she must save him. Thus the years had passed. Then the uncle died and failed to remember Jack in his will. The firm changed hands and he lost his position. That was over a year ago, and though friends had helped him and other positions had been secured, he lost one after another. No one wanted a man who could not be trusted.

An old acquaintance who had known her family lived in the city. He had told her to come to him if she was ever in any trouble. She thanked him and said she would. That was in the second year of her marriage and she had said in jest, "Of course I will."

Her third child was four months old now and her piano was gone for the mortgage. She felt weak and helpless, for now she saw that Jack was a wreck, incapable of looking after them. She had never earned her own living, and how were her children to be supported? "I thought I was doing wonders when I did my own work and took care of them, but what am I to do now?" she questioned herself. She sat down and thought and presently she remembered the promise of her old acquaintance. "He told me to come to him and I will ask him to lend me some money until I am of age." She went to his home in the evening, thinking at that time she would be more likely to find him.

As she looked around at his magnificently furnished home, she thought, "Of course he will help me, but I do wish I didn't tremble so." She hesitated to speak as she looked more closely at his face. "Surely I must be mistaken," she thought as she realized how cold and indifferent his manner was. Was this the same Mr. Carron she had remembered in her childhood days, who had told

her to come to him? How well she remembered his very words, his admiring glances, and the same evening, as she thought, accidentally, she heard him tell an acquaintance how beautiful she was and what a good family the Vivians were and that he considered Jack Moberly a lucky fellow to have won her. In her inexperience of what a large number of men are, who live in affluence in our large cities, she considered his reference to her as flattery. Now she felt sensitive about letting any one know of her position and the necessity of talking about her husband, but he had told her to come.

"Mr. Carron," she said, "I am in trouble and have come to you for assistance. I want to borrow some money until I am of age." Looking at his hard face, she said, "I am willing to pay you any interest that you wish. You know I will have a legacy from my father's estate then."

"Why, Mrs. Moberly," he began, "I would like to help you very much, but I don't quite see my way. I hear your husband is gambling and drinking and not taking care of you and I don't see how you can ever repay it. Now, if it were not for him, I wouldn't mind giving you a lift. You must know that I have many cases of charity coming to me all the time, and I am sorry to say that they are more urgent than your case can possibly be. I don't see how I can help you. Of course, you haven't told me all about your troubles, but I know all about these matters. Ladies imagine they have troubles." He had gone that far when she realized if she remained in his presence another moment she would cry aloud. He had been her only refuge and he had not only refused her, but called her request charity. Crushed and helpless, she wished him good night and went out into the darkness. Then she realized the straits they were in. The tears she

had restrained came now, in spite of all she could do, so she walked on as quickly as she could for fear some one would speak to her. Oh, the misery of it all as she remembered the little faces that had looked so appealingly to her when she could only give them sufficient food to keep them alive and now she cried, "Oh, God! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She had no car fare and it was dark. The shortest way home was across a lot of vacant property and the fenced-in estate of wealthy men. The streets were lighted only on the corners and between them was dark, for it was in the fall of the year. She had two miles to go and fully one-half was dark. It was the first time in her life that she had been out on the street alone in the dark and she was afraid. When no houses were in sight she ran on and on and at last a man met her about half way in one of the darkest spots. She remembered all the terrible things she had read in the papers of men assaulting women. Still he came nearer and nearer and when close enough to ask her a question, it was only about the locality. She was trembling so much she couldn't answer him. In her



fear she had forgotten her unsuccessful mission. Now it loomed up before her with renewed force. She had been refused help! Another dark stretch of the street was before her. She had walked nearly three miles, counting the walk there and the distance back, but there was no help for it, and she began running, crying as she ran, imploring God to help her and not to let her children starve. "They say there is a God of the fatherless and the widows, but is there none for the drunkard's wife and his children?" she cried in her misery.

The next day she was ill in bed, her baby cried and there was no one to care for them, all was confusion, and a neighbor called and offered help. In her gratitude she told her of the state she was in and also how her old acquaintance had treated her.

"Oh, yes, you might have known that he wouldn't help you," she said, "for he is a hard man."

"Then why did he tell me to come to him? I never supposed I should need help when he offered."

"Oh, he knew the signs of the times better than you did. He possibly thought you might become like many others at such a time, and then when you came to him he would know how to get around you."

"Oh, no, no, Mrs. Carr, he couldn't have had such a thought. I cannot believe it." Then Mrs. Carr said, "Why didn't he help you?"

"I don't know, but he could not be so cruel as that."

"Well, I don't think he could have been worse than he has been. Now I am going to tell you what to do, Mrs. Moberly, so you can earn a little money. Sell your best furniture. Fit up your dining room and kitchen for yourself and your children and rent the rest."

CHAPTER XIV.

In a few weeks, she had her rooms rented to gentlemen, but they only stayed one week at a time. She saw it was on account of the children, who would cry at night sometimes. Her friend and adviser then said, "Take women, for you must live and no one wants them in rooms; do your best and give them the use of your kitchen." The house filled; she could pay her rent and gas bill, with a little over. Her husband had been keeping sober now for a long time. Perhaps he had reformed—how she hoped that he had. A friend took him up again and got him something to do, but he had to travel and that left her alone with the children. Six weeks had passed since he had left. All the money she had to live upon for the four of them, counting the baby, was \$3.00 per week and they lived in an expensive city. She had eaten bread enough to keep her alive, no butter, not even syrup. She drank the weakest tea, sweetened to soak the bread in. For six long weeks nothing else had passed her lips. One evening one of the roomers found her sitting with her baby in her lap, her elbows on the table, her hands holding her temples, while her poor little baby was trying to nurse her dry breast, tugging and pounding it with his little fists, kicking, and occasionally giving vent in a disappointed, pitiful cry. The roomer spoke to her, but she was unconscious from the pain in her head, caused by starvation. The woman took the baby and fed it and got it to sleep, then did what she could for the mother, working over her all night. In a few days her husband came

home, but only for a day. He had brought her a few dollars, all he could spare, he had said, after paying his own board and expenses. In leaving, he took a heavier coat and left the one he had been wearing hanging up among her things. In taking it down, a letter dropped from its pocket that she found was addressed to herself. The stamp showed that it had been received a year before. She found that it was an answer supposed to have come from her to a money lender who got their piano. She went to him to see what it meant and found that her husband had imitated her writing and had received from him about a fifth of the money she was to have received from her fathers' estate; by this act the money lender was able to secure it all. What had Jack done with it? In the midst of all the rest of her poverty he had robbed her of that! The money lender could send him to prison if she demanded it from him. This was the last straw! She wrote to him never to come back.

It had been hard enough to bear children and then support them, but injury to insult had followed. What was she now? A drunken gambler's wife—ah, even worse than that—he was a forger as well. Her twenty-first birthday would soon be here. Oh, how she had looked forward to that time! She had intended going to her mother and telling her all and asking what she should do for her children, but it was impossible now.

One day a new roomer told her she wished she knew of some one who could sew fur, as she needed help.

Mira said, "I would like to learn it if you will teach me." That was the first time she had ever seen it done but she went at it diligently until she was as proficient as her teacher. It was paying work and she soon found that she could make her living by it.

We left her reading her mother's letter filled with messages of love and begging her to come back to them once more, if only for a short visit. Oh, if she only could! How little they knew at home of her hard struggle! Possibly they thought she was as selfish as she had been when she left them all. When it was over she would tell them, but not before.

Only one year before, she shuddered as she remembered how she had walked through the streets of the wealthy and fashionable people, trying to find the person who had answered her advertisement for fur work. As she passed the well lighted homes on the streets and saw the luxury, she realized how she had become year by year poorer. Happy faces, free from care, were in those homes.

Finally she found the place. The lady had given the work to another, so she had her walk for nothing. Weary in mind and body, she returned home. There were her children huddled together on the couch. Evidently they had cried themselves to sleep. The oldest had the baby in her arms. "My God! what a contrast to the homes I have just had a glimpse of," she thought. "How I have worked and struggled and tried to live in the last two years. Did I say 'two'? It seems a century. What is the use of it all? These children may have to do the same as I when they grow up. I would sooner see them dead than go through it. I don't wonder at people taking the lives of those they are responsible for, as well as their own, and yet how could they?"

Just as this thought had crossed her mind, little Freddie aroused and was in her arms in a moment. "Oh, mamma, I did cry so hard for you and you didn't come. Little baby cried and Nellie, her cried, too. I'se hungry, mamma, awful hungry."

"My darling, I don't wonder you cried. I have been gone a long time, but mother couldn't help it, darling; mother couldn't help it. There, you have awakened the baby. Oh, children, do be quiet," for all three were crying by this time.

It took her fully an hour to get them all quiet and asleep. Next day, first one and then another of her roomers came to tell her that they had to leave. Some made one excuse, some another; only one told her the truth, saying, "You ought to know better than to keep people in your house when your children cry as they did last night. I hate to leave you, but it unnerves me to hear such a racket. I work hard all day and must rest at night. This is the third time now. You ought to put them in a home like other women do." It was this that made her decide to go to the colony that was near the city she had been living in. It was one of the many branches that had been successful and had been exchanging with the original society in its productions.

That spring found her living comfortably among green fields and free to earn a living by renting tents to those who only wished to stay in the country a few weeks at a time. Her baby was then two years old and she kept him in the nursery; this left her free to attend to her business, as the other children were in the boarding school.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Moberly was looking forward to the time when she could secure enough money to take her back to the relatives she had left so many years before. Little by little she was selling her household goods, the members securing customers so as to help her. Any new members coming to the colony were asked to buy of her, if they needed anything. The story would be told over and over again how that she hadn't seen her mother for many years. She had sold everything except the things she needed for her personal use. The new comers had been told how she rented tents in the summer by putting her surplus furniture in them, and many bought to do the same thing. She had now enough to cover all her expenses for traveling when who should appear but her husband. He was well dressed and upon asking for her was told at once where to find her. No one suspected who he was.

"Mira, don't drive me away. I am sorry that I treated you as I did," he said. "I want to see my children. Where are they?"

"Jack Moberly, how dare you even come in my presence after the wrong you have done me?"

"Mira, I must see the children."

"They are not here," she answered, "and neither can you see them until you have assured me that you will go away after you have seen them."

"Mira, won't you live with me again?" he begged. "I love you. I love my children."

She looked at him for a moment, and a great longing came to her that it might be true.

“No,” she said, “a man who could leave a woman to get along the best she could with his helpless children, has no heart.” As she gazed at him, all the misery he had caused her seemed to pass before her like a panorama. She even wondered at herself. Here was the man who turned her head in her youth and inexperience, who had been the magnet that had drawn her away from all that she had held most dear. As he stood before her for the first time in three years, she could think of but one thing and that was to get him away.

He had only told her that he loved her to hear what she would say. He laughed to himself at the joke. He had a curiosity to see her and the children and nothing more. Just as though he would give up Rosy for this thin, careworn woman, who at any time might upbraid him for his past life. Then, besides, he thought, “who wants to be tied to a woman? I had enough of it. Rosy suits me now, and if I get tired of her, there are others.”

Finally he promised he would leave as soon as he had seen the children. She took him to the public parlor, not wishing to leave him in her apartment and then went to the school for them. In about fifteen minutes, she had them before him, not a little proud to show him how well she had been able to get along without him. They approached him rather timidly, as they would a stranger, even Nellie feeling the change and neglect. His whole attention was given, however, to Freddie, who ran up to him.

“You know papa, don’t you, my boy?”

“Of course I do,” said the little fellow, as he cuddled up to him.

Mira noticed that he did not look at the others, but that he could not take his eyes off of Freddie.

"My poor little boy," he said. Then tears came to his eyes.

It was harder than Mira had anticipated. The man really seemed to have some feeling for his boy, but the thought came to her, "It is only one of his outbursts. The man is not all bad, but too vile for me to have any more of these meetings." Then he turned to her and asked if she would not live with him, if she at least would not give him the boy, for she had the other two.

With one rush, she grabbed the child and ordered him to leave her, reminding him of his promise.

"Give you my child!" she said in scorn.

"You forget he is mine as well as yours," he replied, "and the law will give him to me, so you had better take care."

Their gestures and loud voices frightened the children and their cries brought the superintendent of the building.

Mira explained and the superintendent told him that he must not come there; that Mrs. Moberly was there under their protection.

He turned to her and hissed between his teeth, "I see you have some man keeping you."

That was too much.

"You insolent wretch," she exclaimed, "Go!"

The superintendent touched a button. Two able bodied men appeared and Jack Moberly left quietly.

After he had gone she decided to get away to her relatives as soon as possible. Now that he had started to come back he might annoy her in many ways.

The few shares that she had were transferred to the original society where Tom and her family were, so she

telegraphed them that she was coming home sooner than she had intended. Then the journey began. Over two thousand miles were to be covered and they must travel night and day. "Only eight hundred more," she said to herself, as they were changing cars and were walking around the large station, looking at the many different kinds of people, all waiting for their trains to be called. Suddenly, she fancied she saw a face that looked like Jack, but she came to the conclusion that it couldn't be, that she was mistaken. So many look alike when you are traveling, she mused, and thought no more about it.

After they had been on the train some time, a nicely dressed lady made herself attentive to the children. She gave them candy and showed them pictures in the book she had until finally Freddie took up his quarters in the seat with her. All day long she amused him and the others. She became friendly with Mrs. Moberly also and they chatted about the children and other things. Mira began to feel a relief at having some one to help care for the children.

The second evening, this lady proposed that Freddie should sleep with her as she was alone in her berth and it would give Mrs. Moberly more room. Freddie was delighted with the idea, so it was arranged. Mira and the other children had slept well all night and were aroused by the porter, announcing that she should get off at the next city. She dressed herself, then the two children and started to find Freddie. She found that no such persons had been seen since the middle of the night when a man, woman and child had left the train. From the description of the man she knew it was Jack. They also said they heard the child call him papa. Poor Mira! And

this was her homecoming, her poor little child at the mercy of that man!

Just then the name of the city was announced and all left the train. Everything was changed and strange to her, but there was Tom, dear old Tom. He would know just what to do about Freddie, and there was her mother and Scoris. They didn't know her and were looking in every direction, but there she was. At last she reached them and tried to attract their attention but it was too much for her and she fainted at their feet. All was confusion and even then they could not recognize her, she had changed so much. Nellie explained, "It is because Freddie has gone. Papa took him away last night." She began to cry, for this was not the introduction she had pictured in meeting her grandma or the aunts and Uncle Tom. The family then realized that it was Mira and her family that was before them. They had her carried into the waiting room until she recovered consciousness; then when she told them what had occurred Tom promised to find him. She told them about her life in the six years since she had left them.

They tried to show her it was necessary to keep up her strength so that at the proper time she could give the information that would be needed not only in regard to Jack, but the woman who had assisted in stealing the child.

Detectives were sent out and Mira began to rally, yet no clue amounted to anything. Disappointments seemed to be the order of the day. Nothing resulted from any clue they were given. Advertisements also failed, and she often wondered, "Had he followed, or had he seen them by chance?" All the misery she had endured was as nothing to this terrible uncertainty of the child being un-

cared for, and the longing to see him once more was intense.

"Freddie, my boy, my boy," she would cry out in her agony, "I must, I must see you."

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Vivian, Scoris and Helen had been living in the colony for two years before Mira came. Scoris still did drawings for illustrations and Helen was doing well at writing for magazines and the society paper.

Their apartments were nicely fitted up, each one having one room, while they shared the parlor together. They had intended to secure one more room for they often had their meals sent to them when they were unusually busy, instead of going down to the dining room, but since Mira and her children arrived they all saw that she must have help.

She couldn't live in the same apartment building because children were not allowed there nor were the conveniences the same as in those built for children. They had tried to persuade her to leave them in the nursery and for her to live with them, but she couldn't be separated from them at night. Jack might come and steal them, she said. "They are all right in the daytime, but at night I must have them in sight."

"Poor girl," her mother had said, "we can do without the extra room and secure two for her, besides help to provide for the children."

"Yes, indeed," Scoris had answered, "this help to her now will be worth more to her than an extra room to us."

"Our sympathy without practical help wouldn't be very cheering," Helen said, "and I intend to provide for one of the children until they are old enough to provide for themselves."

"And I shall support the other," Scoris declared.

"She has had her share of punishment for her willfulness," her mother remarked, "and the least we can do is to relieve her of some of her burden. How my heart has yearned to see her all these years, and I am willing to give up anything to help her. I think Libra will assist her also, but she must keep herself busy; it is the only thing that will help her to bear this new trial."



One day Scoris and her mother were having a chat by themselves when Scoris said:

"Mother, do you know that you are constantly spoken of as the mother of the Vivian family?"

"Well, Scoris, why shouldn't I be called your mother?"

"Because you are as much to be honored as any one, and if, as is the custom now among us, you were called 'The Hon. Mary Vivian,' that would settle it without further pretext. Being Tom's mother is not a personal honor, but being an honorable woman, you should stand the challenge. We are all called 'Honorable' but you, and

naturally we want you to hold the first rank among our social acquaintances. The title is given so all may know whom to trust."

"But, Scoris dear, I am not in any business, so what difference does it make? I like the old ways that I am accustomed to. The name of Mrs. Vivian has always designated who I am."

"Very well, mother, do as you like. We would sooner you were taking the honors because they, like a uniform, show where each person belongs. In our old town the name was sufficient, but customs have changed. People are thinking more deeply than they used to do and it has become necessary to classify our members so all may know where each stands. The old families were honored because of their wealth and their influence and their ability to employ dependent people.

"Well, my dear, what has this to do with me?"

"The society wishes to honor you because your life has been honorable in every way. You are a woman of good, sound judgment and are badly needed in the Council. Only honorable members can sit in the Council and we are anxious to have an equal number of men and women preside. Only women can understand all that is in a woman's life, and they must not shirk from their duty. Both women's and children's interests are involved and until the members become more accustomed to seeing their interests as fully recognized as the men, they will suffer. It is the duty of our Council to define carefully the value of every man, woman and child's labor, for there is a mental as well as a physical value to be considered and this needs fine calculating. Only one just and right way is by the profits when the products are either sold or exchanged. The profit must be the value awarded all equally. If a child earns as much as a grown person, that

child must receive the same amount. Mother, you have thought more deeply than the majority of women and have the faculty of seeing the point at issue more clearly than most women, or men, either, for that matter."

"You know the strawberries were picked by children mostly this year. Well, do you know those children didn't get as much as the grownup people for the same labor?"

"Well, why not?"

"Because some of the Council argued that children's time was not of as much value as an adult's. Now that was not just under this new system, for it aims to give full value for the labor done, no matter by whom. I claim that when the berries were sold for the same price as those picked by adults, that the children had the same right to the profits."

"So do I. But you know I have never had anything to do with public affairs and am pretty old to be drawn into it now."

"There is one thing certain, mother, you cannot start younger, so please think it over, for you are needed."

Not long after this Mrs. Vivian heard an old woman and the secretary counting how much was coming to her from her summer's work. He looked over the accounts and told her. Mrs. Vivian thought it was a small amount. She remembered how hard the poor old soul had worked all summer, never losing a day and being always ready to do everything. A young man asked about his account and was told, but Mrs. Vivian knew the young fellow and was familiar with his habits. She knew that he had not worked as the old woman had, still he had double the amount to his credit and they had both done the same amount of work.

Mrs. Vivian had a talk with the woman a few days afterwards. She saw her limping along when Mrs.

Vivian questioned her. She said she was thankful to be allowed to stay in the colony as she had been unable to pay the dues.

"Of course," she added, "I got all I asked, but I wish I could earn more so I would be sure that when I die I will be decently buried. I don't want my body in the potters' field. My back aches awful bad," she said, "I can't sleep for the pain at night."

She passed on, but Mrs. Vivian couldn't forget the conversation. She kept thinking to herself, "That woman ought to have as much as that man, if not more, and I am going to find out why she didn't get it." So she asked the foreman.

"Well," he said, "she came here without any recommendation. She said she was willing to work for her food and a place to sleep. I consulted the president and he said to take her and see if she was capable of anything, if so, to let her stay a while."

"Now, foreman," Mrs. Vivian said, "don't all get the same price for the same work?"

"Oh, no," he said. "These outsiders don't ask so much; in fact, don't expect as much as the members who pay in their dues."

"Poor souls," Mrs. Vivian said. "Some way must be found to supply them with work enough to keep them from living in misery. If they have to work I shall see that they are paid for all they earn."

Next day Mrs. Vivian told Scoris that she wanted to apply for the title and she wished she had done so before.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, mother," she said, "I am so glad, for I made application for you. I was sorry you did not see the advantage of it, and now there will be just time enough for your name to be advertised, so you can get it on the first coronation day. I was sure you were too good a soldier to let old-fashioned ideas hold you back. No good woman will stand idle in these days, especially when so many are needed to face the foes of humanity. Why was that poor woman afraid to ask sufficient for her labor? Because she didn't know that her labor was wealth.

"Many old men and women who had been poor all their lives, who had never known anything but poverty, were given light work to do, such as gardening with short hours, under the direction of a competent gardener. In this way the grounds in the colony had been beautified, trees had been planted, waterways dug. The women helped to take care of infants in the nursery for a few hours each day, or do necessary housework, mending, etc. As the society was formed to secure homes, it was as easy to feed these poor creatures as it was animals, and they could earn what they got also.

"The majority of people crave independence. Did you ever see a number as large as we have here take such pride in pointing out the beauties of the place? You see it is their wealth. Their labor has been expended to make it what it is. It is so much more to be enjoyed than a park that any one can use, so, of course all take great pride in it. It is so lovely to be able to step down

from our apartments and crossing the street enter a thick foliage, swing hammocks among the trees and look up into the beautiful green so restful to the eyes. "To lie there seems like a taste of heaven."

"Yes, Scoris, I agree with you and when I remember that it is my son who has been the leader in bringing out this happy state of affairs, I am very much gratified, and, oh, so proud! I feel that all the old warriors, who have been honored for their share in all the great changes that have come to the world, have not done more than he has, if as much. Under this system wars will cease. I have had quite a talk with an old friend on this subject. Your father and I met her years ago, while abroad. Her oldest son was killed in one of the late wars and two others wounded. One is blind and the other had both legs amputated, one below the knee and the other above. He wears artificial limbs as a result. All three had wives. I asked if the cause they had fought for was worth the glory; if the duty they had been called upon to perform for their country, the bloodshed, the blindness of her son and the mutilation of the others, the total loss of the oldest one had been any alleviation. 'No,' said she, 'oh, no; but of course they were honored for their heroism. One has been knighted and both receive a pension and the widow of the oldest son also has a pension, but of course it would not support them without our help. They were all such good, brave boys. I shall always feel very proud of them.'

"'So am I proud of my son,' I remarked. Well, dear, I shall never forget her face nor the effect the remark had upon her as she mentally drew the picture."

"Your son, the General, you mean? Oh, but he is a genius, you know.' 'I believe your sons were also,' I

said. All were brave men and ready to do their duty as they saw it.'

"'Well,' she said, as she sighed, 'I would have been one of the happiest of women today if they had only seen the facts as your son did. You all have in prospect a much larger income than my living sons are receiving from the government. You have them all alive and whole with you, not one maimed, or one who has had to suffer as mine did. Your son is more honored than any man who ever conducted an army of men. No title conferred upon him can ever adequately describe how much he is appreciated, and your daughters and his splendid wife are equally admired for the part they have taken in this movement. Now see the difference: my poor Frank is dead; the others have only the merest pittance to live upon; they only exist, for it is not living to be blind, nor to be crippled as they are, and the cause was not won or the enemy vanquished. Then that war raised the taxes to such an enormous sum that it leaves us very little to take us through life, considering our habits and mode of living.'

"I asked her if she knew we considered this movement in the light of war? She said, 'Why, no, how can it be?' I told her it was a bloodless one, nevertheless a war upon all oppression; that the rich were determined to keep the working people in all subjection, and that as the working people outnumbered the moneyed class they could tie up all kinds of industry and that by their united efforts showed that the odds were just about even. When the laborers become indignant and the strikes rule for a time, there is only distress for the majority and another lesson learned by those in power to divert their minds in some other quarter until they could outwit them, or keep them out of employment until all their savings were

gone. The people have never had justice until this society secured land for them and started all their industries running. Now the trusts can bring all the emigrants from other countries to take the place of the home laborers that they like, and the society is gathering them in and sending them further out on to the land where they are being self-supporting and at the same time could not interfere with the wages of the people.

"'Well,' she said, 'I never bother about these things. They only excite me. I really think a gradual evolution is taking place and the right results will come in the long run.'

"I told her that I had once felt as she did on the subject, but I had known many persons to prepare for a journey and to miss the train on account of their indifference to the time table.

"'My not knowing that there was a war of conquest,' she said, 'of more consequence to us all than the ones my sons fought in has left me in my old age a very sorrowful woman. Think if we had only had our thoughts directed in this greater cause of justice, I and my boys might have been living in comfort and affluence instead'—then she broke down and cried so bitterly that she broke me up also. You see, Scoris, she had never realized that she had any part in the world's great events. She wanted them to excel and as the army glorifies the successful ones, there was a chance for her sons. I feel sorry for her, but I also feel sorry for the unthinking thousands who are venturing along life's paths, unprepared for the future."

CHAPTER XVIII.

So many changes had been brought about since the society started that a large number had leased land for a long term of years, building their own houses or cottages near the colony after they saw the advantages of the society. They did not like to live in the apartment houses or hotels, nor did they care to have their children in the boarding schools, but did like the system of revenue that came so regularly from the factories, stock farms, cotton plantations, etc., and the short hours that all the members had to give to the society's industries. These people lived where they liked. Their shares were placed in the different industries. As they already owned their homes it secured them a regular income. It also provided for the future of each member of their family, instead of an insurance; all saw its advantages and appreciated the fact that they could become honored members of the society. It gave them rank that nothing else could, because the members wouldn't allow dishonest people to be called Honorables. All sorts of discussions took place for and against the idea of having children under a system of government. It generally came from the older people or from those with large incomes. It had caused a prejudice to arise among many and naturally they talked it over. One lady, a Mrs. Holmes, had pronounced it a breaking up of homes, and her father had written several articles about it in the papers. He was coming on a visit. When he arrived he looked into the subject.

"Yes, indeed, you may count upon me in opposing all

such ideas as that. Our little children should be right in the home with us."

So they arranged to have a party come to discuss the matter, for and against it. He had only been with them a few days when it was arranged to have the meeting. The hour was to be at three o'clock in the afternoon. Now it was just two when Mrs. Holmes came into the library where her father was sitting and said:

"Papa, would you like to have the care of the little ones for half an hour or so? I will have to go to the dress-maker."

"Certainly," he answered, "I would be delighted to have them all to myself."

She replied, "I let the nurse go out this afternoon, not knowing that I would have to try on my dress, and to-morrow will be my reception day. The baby is asleep and these two little ones will keep you company. Cook will attend the door if any one comes, so I will go now and be back in time for the meeting." As she waved her hands, saying, "Bye-bye, precious ones, be good children and amuse grandpa," she closed the door and was gone.

Grandpa held a child on each knee. This was an event in their lives, to have grandpa all to themselves.

"Well," he says, "what shall we do while mamma is away?"

"Oh," says five-year-old May, "let's play horse and let me ride our your back."

"No, me," cried Roy, while May climbed the quickest and got there. Roy pulled her feet and they quarreled until grandpa decided that he would get down on all fours, then both could get on, while May held on to her doll. Away they went, in and out of the two rooms, the children laughing and screaming as they lurched from side to side in danger of falling, while grandpa enjoyed the fun

almost as much as they, even though he was puffing and blowing. When that failed to amuse they played hide and seek. Grandpa soon discovered that he is not so young as he used to be and laid back in the big arm chair to rest.

"Now, children, you play a little while by yourselves," he said, as he put his hands to his head.

"Now you amused us," said May, "so it is our turn and we will amuse you. Want your head rubbed? I can do it like mamma rubs papa's when he's all tired out." She looked at him so coaxingly that he said:

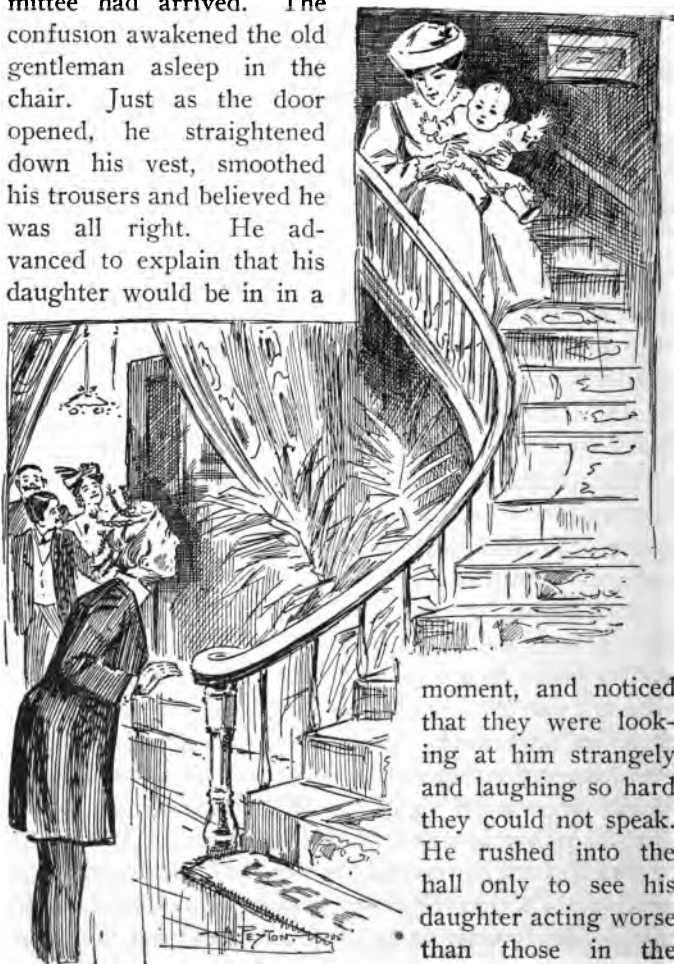
"Yes, to be sure."

"All right," she consented, climbing to the back of his chair and running her fingers through his hair. She did it so quietly and soothingly as she scratched gently back and forth, that he thought to himself, "What a little fairy she is!" He got no further, for sleep had claimed him and May soon discovered this.

Grandpa had nice long hair, so here was her opportunity, for she loved to braid hair. She would do it so gently and "My! wouldn't he be glad when he saw how pretty she had made it!" Then she espied some wool in a work basket of her mother's. Such pretty colors—blue, green, yellow, red and white! "What a lot," she said in glee. In a little while she had gone all over his head and fine little braids were standing out in all directions tied with wool. As she stood admiring her handiwork, her eye detected Roy in the next room teasing her kitten. He saw by her glance what was coming. In two seconds he had bounded up the back stairs, flying madly on and on until he reached the nursery, then he fell. She grabbed the kitten. Roy set up a howl and baby awakened. May quieted baby, took it up and set it on the

floor, then started after Roy again, who had made off with the kitten.

At this moment the door bell rang. The cook ushered in several strangers. It was three o'clock and the committee had arrived. The confusion awakened the old gentleman asleep in the chair. Just as the door opened, he straightened down his vest, smoothed his trousers and believed he was all right. He advanced to explain that his daughter would be in in a



moment, and noticed that they were looking at him strangely and laughing so hard they could not speak. He rushed into the hall only to see his daughter acting worse than those in the

library. She was stealthily running up stairs, and as he looked up to the top step he saw the eight months' old baby kicking his heels and seeming to be enjoying the situation, as the mother cried, "Wait for mother, darling, wait—" Just then the baby sprang forward and she caught him only in time to keep him from going head first to the bottom of the stairs. There she sat the tears streaming down her face while she hugged her baby. She looked down upon hearing her father's voice and roared with laughter. He, thinking that she was hysterical, begged her to calm herself. It was all she could do between screaming and laughing to hold her child, he looked so funny. By this time every one was in the hall, roaring as they looked at the staid old gentleman. His daughter led him to the mirror. It is needless to say that there was no meeting. Their arguments were answered before begun. Children are safer when certain people are responsible for their care and welfare. The society heard no more about families growing apart.

CHAPTER XIX.

On a bright afternoon, two old men could be seen strolling along leisurely, talking of the difference the society had made in their lives.

"Who would have thought fifteen years ago, John, that you and I could be living in the comfort and ease that we



are today? The most comfortable house ever built on ground, large or small, when built separately, could never have the advantage these apartment buildings have. Our large windows give the necessary light we old people need, and I tell you when the eyesight is dim, especially when we had good sight, it is very hard to go stumbling along, especially in your own home. I think the so-

ciety's determination to preserve its light and air and not allow the buildings to be crowded together, is a very great advantage. It suits me, I can tell you."

"The variety in the cooking is what I like," said Mr. White. "When our girls got married and wife and I had the farm to ourselves, she seemed all played out and couldn't cook as she used to. Then one after the other

of the boys left us and went to the cities. They thought the farm work was too hard, when they could have the money in their hand each week, and it seemed a lot to them out on the farm, where they had no board bills to pay, but they have found out the difference and I have now arranged to have them all here now. When I signed over my farm to the society all three came out in a great state of mind. They thought I had done them an injustice. I told them, 'You must remember that after your mother and I had raised you and worked hard to keep the place together, first paying for it when you children were too young to be of any help, we fairly begged you to stay with us and help us when you were grown up. Oh, no, the city was the only place for you then.' Then I said, 'Do you think we are going to work and pay out all we can rake and scrape together for hired men to work the place, so you boys can have it after our death? Have we no rights? Are you children of more consequence than we are? Who earned it?'

"Well, they didn't like the way I was doing it. What was I going to do with the stock? I told them I had given it all over to the society and arranged it so that wife and I had permanent shares in exchange to keep us in comfort the rest of our lives. We also had the satisfaction of seeing younger men and women earning enough to make up any deficiency in a way that you would not do if we should need it.

"Well, what will become of your shares after your death?' one said.

"They will go to the society,' I told them unless they joined it. In that case I could leave them to my children if they would do as other members would and increase their own shares. I told them that all had to look ahead for their old age if they became members, for the society

was representing wealth and wouldn't take any one that would spend everything they earned while in the freshness of youth. I said that they could easily save enough in the next fifteen years to make them comfortable the rest of their lives if they became members and I wished that they would. Then I asked them why they didn't tell us that it was more loneliness than hard work that took them to the city. They looked surprised and one said that it wasn't. I told them that I had thought it was, since I had lived in the community where all could hear good music and lectures, see good plays and something worth listening to in the conversation with those one came in contact with. I had become convinced that they were right in leaving the farm, and I did not blame them.

"'Still you don't secure your property to us?' one said.

"'Oh, no,' I told them. 'If you boys have not the ability to earn sufficient for your old age, you don't deserve to have anything. These young men and women who are keeping up the work in the society have the best right to what I leave, unless you show that you will do as they are doing.'

"'Oh, yes, young people can leave their parents just at the time when they are most needed and if in after years there is any property left, they think it a great hardship if their parents leave it to any one else.'

The old friends talked on and presently their wives joined them. They, too, had been taking a walk and hearing the last of the conversation, gave some of their ideas of the society.

"What I like about it," remarked Mrs. White, "is the freedom from care. On the farm it is continual work, late and early, looking after the stock and feeding or growing food. Now I can rest. Our apartments need only a little straightening and dusting once a week. Each day

while I make the bed, husband waters the flowers and I must say I like the wide porches with the boxes of plants on the edges. We make the porch our sitting room in the summer and when winter comes, the windows are so large, we can keep a nice lot of them and send the rest to the greenhouses."

The four walked along and talked of the society and wondered they had not thought of it years before. The short hours the young people have to work and exercise the different portions of their body until it becomes a pleasure to be employed, is a great change from the drudgery of the past.

Mrs. Brown here stated that she expected their married son to come on in about a month or six weeks.

"We have arranged for him to receive our permanent shares after our death," Mr. Brown said. "He, like your boys, did not see what advantages the society offered him until we reminded him that our permanent shares could go to him, but he would have to keep increasing his own shares. It was hard for him to understand that we were leaving a certain amount in consumable shares and using them in our living. He is not very strong and his wife thinks they can have the children in the nursery and she can work in one of the factories to help them out while the children are small. We told them the advantage they would have of buying their food already cooked, leaving her free to earn all that she could while the children would have the advantage of every kind of learning that their minds were capable of receiving, or their age or strength permitted.

"You were not here last year, Mrs. Brown, when the men all came home from the wheatfields? I suppose you know the society sends all our men that are required to harvest the grain. Well, they have to go hundreds of

miles away and the last few years when they return they bring the unmarried men back with them; that is, all who wish to come, to spend the winter in the Colony. Only a few were married when the Colony started, so many men go out and take up the land on the prairies and bush land also. Well, they get settled there and for years never have a chance to see any women to speak of. Now our Colony invites them to come here during the winter and, if they want it, we find them work. However, many come to share the social advantages and to learn the new ideas that are being taught. It makes the winter very lively, I can tell you. I never saw so many marriages as this exchange of interests brings about and they are the right kind, too. This bringing the unmarried men from those new parts of the country back here where they can find wives and the sending of our able bodied men out there to work for the summer is exchanging with a vengeance."

"But do our men want to go out there?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Certainly," says Mr. White, "they volunteer. You see our steam wagons make it possible for them to go with very little expense. They are fitted up with folding beds, cooking utensils, and with the use of gasoline for steam and to cook with we make the exchange a very easy one. They also bring the grain with them when they come. Our men can earn higher wages by going out there and of course they want to go. Then the novelty to the young men of sleeping wherever night overtakes them. The covered wagons are as comfortable as their own beds at home; then the advantage to the men who have the land and the grain to harvest is more than most people think, besides having the ready market assured them at prices that make it pay. It does away with the

gamblers and stock exchange as far as the society is concerned. We store it on our own property. Well, here we are at our own home. I expect it is near dinner time, so good-bye for the present."

They then went to their apartments.

A day long to be remembered was when the boys and men were expected home from the wheatfields. It had been a successful season and in the Colony all had been excitement for days, preparing for their return.

"Oh, what a bright day," a young girl exclaims as she rushes to the window in the morning. "I am so glad it is fine. We can all enjoy meeting them together out in the grounds now. I wonder who will see them first. I wish they would allow us to go on the watch tower. We could see so far away from there."

Several other girls were now at the windows and one said, "Do you see the dust just beyond the hill? That is them."

Then they rushed into the homes to tell the news. Soon the verandas were filled with expectant and happy faces, all wishing to get a glimpse of the dear ones returning to their homes.

Such an army as it takes to attend to this industry! Nearly all are able bodied men and they were waving their handkerchiefs and tossing their hats in the excitement of getting home again. All were brown as berries. There were husbands and brothers, sweethearts, fathers, all to be welcomed and the older women were attending to the dinner for the hungry men and boys. It was a great event to the boys, especially those who had gone away for the first time. So many strangers were there to be entertained also. It was funny to see how shy many of the girls became. The sparkle of their eyes indicated their excitement as the old and the new comers appeared.

All rushed to the balconies to welcome them. Such a happy, jolly lot. Just then the home band that had gone out to meet them struck up the glad strain of "Welcome Home," while cheer after cheer sounded again and again. A father lifted a little child up on his shoulder after kissing her. She struggled and tried to get down, looking



startled at such familiarity. Every one roared, laughing, until some one cried out, "It is a bad case when your own children won't recognize you." "This is papa," you would hear in one direction, or brother, as the case might be, while many were trying to coax the little ones to kiss them. All were so tanned and dusty, yet looking well and strong.

CHAPTER XX.

Geron Vivian was sitting in his arm chair. It was the day of rest, or should have been, but none had come to him. He was constantly thinking how he could manage to get back to his farm and wondering how he had ever been enticed to leave it.

The salary that he had received had seemed enormous while he lived upon the farm, but now he reasoned, money is like holding water in your hand. It slips through your fingers, no matter how tightly you hold it, or how much you have. I have spent more money in the last four years than in all my lifetime before. First comes rent, gas bills, servants' wages, and clothing—more needed in three months than in that many years in the country—and shoes! Why, they are a weekly tax for some one of the family; stone pavements scour them to pieces. "Then car fare—well I had better stop or I will have the blues worse than ever. I don't feel quite myself today and I suppose I am blue from worry over that mortgage. In



six months' time the lease will be up and we shall go back to our home and when once that mortgage is paid I will never place another dollar on anything I own."

Walking to a large mirror he exclaimed: "Father! is it possible?" and then glanced around to see if any one was within hearing. "I thought it was he, but how old I am looking—as old as he did a short time before he died, and yet he was thirty years older than I: He raised a large family out there on the land and amassed wealth, while I have played the fool by coming to the city. Tom is a brighter man than I, I see now. One comfort I have—that interest was paid on the mortgage yesterday and if I can only sell those stocks, I will get that mortgage paid."

Just then Lear and Libra Schuman drove up to the door in their carriage. He greeted them cordially, as Grace, his wife, brought them into the room. The conversation became general for a time and then the ladies went off by themselves. Geron and Lear talked of their business affairs.

Finally Geron says, "I want to sell those stocks and clear off that mortgage, Lear. Do you think I can do it before spring, for I intend going back to the farm again?"

"They have gone up and down," Lear replied, "and they must advance soon, so I would advise you not to be in a hurry."

"I wish they had gone up before I ever mortgaged my property to buy them, or down to perdition, I don't care which," Geron replied.

"Well, you must not blame me, for I did the best I could for you. You wanted to give your boys a chance to attend the colleges here in the city and have the refining influences of association not to be had in the country. I am sure it has improved them and gives them a polish that they never would have had had they not come."

On the way home afterwards, Lear told Libra that her brother seemed to imply that he, Lear, was to blame for the mortgaging of the estate.

"I don't think I am," he said. "I merely told him how he could secure the stock. I bought heavier of it than he. He complains because he has never received any dividends, only promises. Neither have I."

In about two months Geron thought he had a customer. Every evening as he came home the old, bright expression seemed returning. He was already planning for a return to the old home. Grace had begun to prepare for the packing, and she had just come to the front door to look over some plants she had felt uncertain about taking with her when who should stand before her but Geron, his lips drawn and his face as white as snow. Before she realized what he was about he had fallen across the floor. All was confusion. The members of the family were running about in all directions. A physician was summoned and said it was paralysis, caused by some sudden shock.

In a day or two he changed his mind and declared it was brain fever caused by several other ailments and he must be kept quiet. Weeks went by and his delirium was terrible, as he shrieked, "I am ruined!" and then again over and over, he cried, "Watered stock, watered stock—I am ruined!"

Then he would imagine he was on the farm again and he would tell them how he wanted everything done. Again he would become partly conscious and cry out, "All the money is gone, all is lost. We are paupers!"

It took all the strength of two men to hold him at these times. Finally he became conscious with a full realization of his great loss, and almost the first word he heard was a voice in the hall, saying, "I must have my rent or

I will send him to the hospital, and I will only wait a few days longer. If you have not the money for me day after tomorrow I will send the ambulance. He ought to be there anyway."

Poor Geron became unconscious again. In a few hours he revived and wanted to know what it all meant. What had happened to him?

His wife implored him to be patient and not to mind until he was well and by coaxing succeeded in getting him quiet again. But memory would return and with it the awful straits they were in, but he said, "I will not sink under this and leave my helpless family alone. Yes, I will be quiet. I have will power to do that much. I will get well, but I must know one thing; have I lost my situation?" Poor Grace only looked the answer she was afraid to put in words.

"I see," he said, "it is as I feared. The same schemers who sold those stocks to me have taken all else that I have. It was only a part of the scheme to entice me to risk all."

"Not all, Geron dear, you have the boys, and am I not worth having?"

"Oh, Grace dear, to think that I should have been so foolish."

For an answer she kissed him and begged him to go to sleep and they would talk it over when he was stronger. When he revived the first thing he said was, "Thank goodness mother's property is safe and we can live on that and the mortgage does not close for two years. With the boys' help we can make a living. Will they be willing to go back to farm life?"

They were just at the age when boys who have lived in the city consider it a great hardship to live in a smaller place.

"Yes," they said, "we will go if you will only get well."

In a few weeks he was better and then he would say, "To think of being robbed by your friends. Fiends would be a more appropriate name for them." And to think that Lear had advised him! They raised enough to appease the landlord until he was better and by selling most of their furniture got back to the old home once more. All was so different now. None of the conveniences he had had in the years past belonged to him and all he could do was to work with the tenant and take it on shares. It was a terrible humiliation, but it was better than the uncertainties of the city. The best part of their mother's home had never been used by the tenants and all the best furniture had been left there, so old Mrs. Vivian could have gone back had she wished, but she had always found it too lonely and had never gone.

For two years at least Geron would have to pay interest on the mortgage, and after that he could not calculate what would be done. He saw no way of paying the principal and though her land was exempt, still it could not be sufficient to supply the family with the present prices that they would make from the farm.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. and Mrs. Birch had given up the restaurant in the Colony at the time he was required to take a position in the interests of the Society. He turned out to be a splendid organizer and they had gone from city to city to get the colonies in line. In the meantime two children had been born, and first one, then the other had been left at the original Colony on account of the parents traveling about. Both Mr. and Mrs. Birch were good talkers and very much in demand. Everywhere they went success followed the enterprise. Just at this time they were staying at the hotel in the Colony to be near their children and to arrange to have their shares transferred to another part of the country where the weather was not so severe. In fact it was summer there all the year and they preferred making it their home. Six years had been devoted to the society; now they intended to live a domestic life and be with their children.

Mrs. Birch and Scoris Vivian had always been friends and while the Birches were going from place to place, Scoris (after moving to the society) saw that their babies had enough attention that they should not feel the loss of their parents; in that way she had become very much attached to them, and to the little tots she was a second mother, in fact they called her "'nother mamma," to express their own sentiments. Their father had been trying to teach the youngest one to call her Miss Vivian, but she shook her head and said, "No, her is another mamma."

Living in the Colony had brought about very close friendships. Those who had to keep their little ones in the nursery while employed could not give them all the fondling that children crave, but others were glad to take an hour every day or so. There was not a child in the nursery but what it had some one or other to take it out and give it recreation if it was only to take a walk. The lady principal of the establishment knew every one in the place and knew who to trust with their care.

Scoris felt the loss of the Little Birches more than she had anticipated, and when an invitation came for her to visit their parents she gladly accepted.

Paul Arling and his mother had just nicely settled in the Colony and Scoris was glad to get away for a time to overcome what she considered her foolish attachment for him. She had always thought it more womanly to let others see that you care for them, than to hide it, so while they had lived in the city the family had been more intimate than she intended they should in the Colony. Like many others she had found that to let a man see that you care for him is a mistake until they are ready to declare themselves. She knew his position but thought he could confide in her under the circumstances if he actually cared as much for her as at first she thought he did. In bitterness she realized that a spark of fire may be quenched if not allowed to burn too long, so she made up her mind that a change would indicate her indifference to him and possibly bring it about. Time had passed quickly nevertheless since she had been associated with the society, and she had formed habits that brought her in touch with nearly every family there. One thing, no one in the association knew that her heart had gone out to Paul Arling. It was only in the secret of her own soul that she acknowledged it.

In this new country the change had been so complete that she forgot she ever had any other motive for going away than pleasure. The society papers had announced her arrival and before she knew it all kinds of demonstrations were on foot to honor her as the Honorable Scoris Vivian, who had helped to bring about the conditions under which they all were prospering. She had forgotten that she ever had heartache for everyone treated her as if she was a princess and she was beginning to believe that she liked this new country better than the old. Men who were wealthy as well as devoted to the cause of the people, asked her to marry them. One in particular wouldn't take no for an answer and he paid her such marked attention and had said so persistently that he would win her that it was announced in the papers that there was an engagement. There was much to see and the warm climate made a difference in the buildings which interested her, for instead of building them in apartments as in her home Colony, they were built separately because land was not so expensive nor was building material.

Laborers, machinists and builders were not as plentiful as land, but almost any one could put up a shelter, and improve upon it as their shares increased. She thought what a fine place it would be for aged or delicate people who suffer from severe climates, and she was looking around for possible employment for them. She knew that with the automobile system they could be sent there. She was interested in "the Solar system" that had been discovered there also, and intended to bring it before the home Colony when she returned. Her attention had been wholly on the affairs of the society, so she was not aware of the personal interest that she was attracting.

Her letters to her mother described the system instead of telling them news about herself.

"The Solar system was produced by using mirrors shaped like a large basin," she wrote. "This was so arranged that it reflected the rays of the sun and the heat generated was focused upon a large, furnace-boiler, producing steam, this in turn was used to produce electricity and was stored in a storage battery. The reason the mirror had to be a basin shape was to focus the rays of the sun directly upon one spot, otherwise the heat wouldn't be sufficient to produce the steam. It was so inexpensive that it soon revolutionized every other system of heating, lighting or producing electricity in that part of the country. It could be erected on the top of a house, or on a building built for that purpose which was found best where new conditions were practiced as they were in this colony. The fact that heat could be secured by reflecting the sun's rays on a mirror was one of the greatest factors in making this colony a success. Its simplicity placed it within the reach of any intelligent person. Of course all kinds of patents were claimed for the different patterns, but even the trusts could not monopolize the sun, and small boys began to shape pieces broken from glasses in their homes or go to the factory and collect any kind and shape them together in a circular basin with the use of plaster paris and then stand it against the wall or a box and let it reflect the sun upon a pail of water suspended from a string that couldn't come in contact with the rays."

Helen and her mother were talking about Scoris' letter and the advantage of the solar system would be to all the colonies. Presently Helen says I am sorry for Paul for I know he has always loved Scoris, and she doesn't deny what the papers are saying.

While they were talking Paul Arling's mother called.

She said she had come to ask if it was true that Scoris was going to marry someone out in the new Colony?

Mrs. Vivian told her that Scoris had never written them about it, but she hadn't denied it either. That possibly she had intended waiting until she came home before letting them know.

They had been old friends, Mrs. Arling reminded Mrs. Vivian, and she had hoped that some day Scoris would have been her daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Vivian sat with her chin resting on her hand, looking away out to the future; in thought she, too, had wished that Paul and Scoris would marry sometime.

"Our dreams rarely come true," she replied, softly. "I had hoped that all my children would be near me while I live, but, ah, well," she sighed, "Scoris has always been a sensible girl and I am sure will not make a mistake."

Mrs. Arling reported the conversation to Paul and it seemed to him a fact that he had lost Scoris after all these years waiting to have something to offer her. He didn't try to hide his grief from his mother, and when he told her why he hadn't spoken to Scoris, she reminded him that he had been in fault.

"You must remember that it is the custom for women to keep silence on that subject. I always supposed that there was an understanding between you."

"To tell the truth, so did I," he answered.

"There you go!" she said. "Like all the rest of men, taking things for granted. I would sooner have had one room for the rest of my life than to have come between you two. Why, with the advantages we have here in this colony I would have been more comfortable, for I would have less care."

There was a touch of human nature; she had been



PRINCESS LOVECHILD.

selfish, and now as she thought she had made her son unhappy she blamed him.

"I see I am to blame," he soliloquized when alone. "I should have consulted her; perhaps she would have married me now. I have enough to start with, for it doesn't require as much in a colony like this, where you are sure of employment as long as you need it."

He had invested a small sum in starting some exchanges and the dividends had been unusually large. "If I could only have had it before!" he said to himself; "I would have known just what to do. Now I suppose I have lost her."

About this time Helen's engagement had been announced to a young Prince and he saw the effect Scoris' engagement had upon Paul Arling, for Paul had been unable to hide it. The four had been constant companions in the city and he believed that Scoris cared for Paul. One evening he called for him to take him automobiling and after they had left the Colony behind and were going slowly through a cool stretch of bush, where the trees almost touched their heads, the Prince said:

"Helen and I are going to be married in the fall."

"And I suppose Scoris will be married also?" Paul questions.

"I don't know," the Prince answered. "You are referring to that announcement in the paper. She will be home in two weeks, and we will know then. I am disappointed, old fellow," he continued, "for I used to think that your heart was in that direction."

"It was, and is yet," Paul answered softly. "I am dazed with the news. You know, Charley, I had nothing to offer her until now."

"Well, neither had I; but I let Helen know I loved her, so she wouldn't learn to care for some one else."

"But you hadn't anyone else to support, as I had," Paul said. "I will go away before she comes back," he continued. "I never could live here and witness that wedding. I don't know when I began to love Scoris Vivian. Long before I saw her she was my ideal in imagination, and I knew her to be my fate when she appeared."

"And you never told her this?" Charley asks.

"How could I, when I was not able to give her a home such as she deserves?"

"Paul Arling, the trouble with you is that you are too cautious. I didn't even have a position when this Colony started, but I pitched right in and now I can take life easy. I was bound to win and nothing daunted me. I kept Helen posted all the time, and she encouraged me to succeed."

CHAPTER XXII.

In thinking it over Prince Charley said to himself: "What a strange thing man is anyway! Some plod all their days and every one connected with them holds them in one place at the point of duty, while others are looking around for the chances that are sure to turn up if the mind is clear. You never catch me taking braces to steady my nerves, nor smoking to derive comfort, as some say. Those things take money and when I made up my mind that I wanted Helen Vivian for my wife, not one cent was spent that didn't count for necessities. My mind was clear because I had no habits to attract my attention and compel me to pander to them. I intended to succeed, and I did. The men who smoke may succeed in business if they have plenty of backing but I have never known one man start out with only his two hands and brain for capital succeed so that the world would hear from them if they were smokers.

These brains of ours need to be kept clear by plenty of rest, good food to keep the body vigorous, lots of pure air, exercise, physically and mentally. If we are attending to these necessities and look upon our bodies as an instrument that must be kept in tune as we would a musical instrument, then harmony will result. Harmony is the secret of concentration. Concentration leads to success.

Paul Arling is a pattern among domestic men and yet he has lost the one thing his inner nature craves for because he has allowed himself to be swayed by circumstances.

"I intend to look into this matter for them, for I'll be blessed if I don't think it is a mistake all around. Let me see," he mused, as the machine slowly mounted a long hill going over the same ground that it did a few evenings before when Paul was with him. "Scoris is to stay a few days at the colony in Tripside. That is only two days' ride from here. I shall persuade Paul to take the trip with me. He will never know what I am after. Then I will throw them together, for if I don't get him away from here before she comes home and her engagement is announced then nothing can stop it."

Paul readily accepted his invitation, not knowing that Scoris would be there. Leaving Paul at the hotel upon arriving the Prince hurried to the friend's apartments where Scoris was visiting.

"Why, Charley!" Scoris exclaimed, laughing, "did you come all this distance just to meet me?"

"Yes, I did, sister-in-law," he answered, using his pet name for her. Then aside he told her that he must have a talk with her alone as soon as it could be managed. She was rather startled at first, fearing that something must have happened at home.

"Everything is all right," he assured her. "It is about yourself I wish to talk. Is it true that you are going to be married?"

She laughed heartily. It seemed so absurd for him to have come all that distance to ask her that.

"Why, Charley, what gave you such an idea?"

"It has been in all the papers," he answered.

"In the papers!" she exclaimed; "before I had even told my own family! How strange!"

"Then it is true?" the Prince said as a matter of course.

"I hope so," she answers teasingly.

"Paul Arling is with me," he announces to see the effect upon her.

"Oh! how nice!" she answers. "I am so glad he came too. It shows that I am appreciated."

"Scoris Vivian, don't you know that Paul Arling loves you and has all these years?"

"How could I," she answers, "when he never told me?"

"He told me so only two weeks ago, but I knew it long before," the Prince said.

"And he came to meet me thinking that I was engaged to another! How neighborly you all are!"

"Do stop your bantering, Scoris," the Prince answered. "He doesn't know that you are here. That was my doing."

"Well, Charley, it was good of you and I appreciate it. Go back to the hotel and bring him to join the boating party that we are to have this evening. Tell him I want to see him."

The Prince started for his hotel going in a round about way to gain time. "What will I tell him? He will know at once that I put up a job on him. I believe I have made a fool of myself after all; but nothing venture nothing win," he said to himself.

He quickened his pace when nearing the hotel, rushed to Paul's room in a breathless way and then said:

"Who do you suppose is here in town?"

"Well," Paul questioned, "how can I tell?"

"It is some one you will be pleased to see. It is Scoris and she wants to see you."

Paul turned pale for a second, then answered: "I came here hoping to avoid seeing her until I become accustomed to the fact that she will soon belong to another."

"Well, it is too bad," the Prince answers; "but you

better go to the party. I am going and I don't wish to leave you alone. Besides, if you don't go she will feel badly."

"Do you think she would care to see me?" Paul asks in a hopeful way.

"I am sure she meant what she said when she asked you to come."

"I don't think I'll go," Paul said after a while. "The man she is engaged to may be there."

"No, I am sure he is not," the Prince answered, "or she would have said so. It would be much better to meet her away from home the first time too. No one here knows about you."

"I believe you are right," Paul answered; "and yet I am sure to say or do something I should not."

"See here, Paul," his friend replies, "it is a lovely evening and there will be quite a crowd and it will be the best time to see her. Come!"

When Scoris met them she was so natural that Paul was soon at his ease. She asked after his mother, sisters and friends in the colony and before the evening was over he felt quite comfortable with her, they had so many interests in common.

The next day they met in the park and he made up his mind that he would see her all that he could while he had a chance. They were with a party and it was impossible to talk about themselves.

Two days passed and still every one seemed to claim Scoris' attention until Paul became desperate. "See her alone I will!" he exclaimed at last to the Prince. "Here is an answer to my note saying that she will go for a drive with me; now I intend to have it out with her. I can't stand this any longer. If she is going to be married at home I shall leave the Colony until it is over."

"That is all right," the Prince had answered, "but while there is life there is hope, they say."

They had driven two or three miles and every topic had been exhausted, still Paul had not touched on the



one subject he was determined to talk about before they returned to the Colony.

Scoris could see by his face that he was suffering, but she had waited a long time for him to tell her what she

now believed he was going to say and she wouldn't help him. They had reached a grove that had been used for picnics and she suggested that they alight and walk around for a change. Wild flowers grew in abundance and she was gathering some when Paul said:

"Scoris, I would like to have a talk with you while we are here by ourselves. It is about your engagement. I



had hoped to be able to say our engagement some time." He paused a moment as if waiting for an answer, but she let him continue while she laid the flowers down in her lap to attend to what he had to say. "Do you love him?" he questioned, "and are you sure that he is good enough for you?"

"I am very much in love," she answered, "and I believe he is good enough for me."

"Of course I have no right to tell you this now," Paul

said; "but I have loved you ever since I first saw you and I do yet; but if you love another I will never obtrude upon your affections. One thing I ask, and that is that you will always think of me as a good friend."

"Paul Arling," she cried, "I will not take you for a friend. It is you that I love and if we are not engaged then I am not going to be married."

"Scoris," he exclaims, "is this true?"

The log upon which they had been sitting for some time was surrounded by a thick foliage.

Well, and then, after a little of that sort of thing, Paul began to sort the flowers. Scoris had jumped up to pick up one that had fallen, for some one was coming. Just then an inquisitive collie dog poked his head through the bushes. Nothing but the dog appeared, however, and confidence was restored once more.

The Prince and Paul arrived home the next day, Scoris the one following.

The public announcement of the engagement was rather a surprise when it became known that it was Paul Arling instead of the stranger all had supposed him to be.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was gratifying to know that the society had been kept up all these years by the industry of the people, although it could not be claimed that any one system could have done it alone, and it had been recognized that the honors conferred upon the deserving had a great deal to do with the success. It brought together larger numbers of the better class than could have been done under any other system. Those who came into the ranks supplied with money enough to last them their life time were not able to receive even the title of "Honorable" unless his or her life was truthful and honest in their dealings with the public. Brave deeds were not ignored because those who accomplished them were only ordinary people. Each member who lived a self-denying life to better the whole people was honored publicly, and by so doing the world was made better for such acts. All could not gain the highest titles, but all could be "Honorables." Only the honorables could make the laws that governed.

The society had princes and princesses simply because these people had lived princely lives. Some of them had brought to the society large fortunes in money, land, mines and jewels. They gave their wealth to promote the welfare of the whole community, keeping, in many instances, only the amount the society compelled each to hold during their life. Still their money could not buy for them even the smallest title. What then? Labor, for all holding titles had to honor labor in some way. This is the way one princess gained hers:

Princess Lovechild was the daughter of a man who had been disinherited by his father for marrying against his wishes. His father sent him adrift without money enough to keep him a year. He had no profession, so he went to the mining district of a new country, and was given employment overseeing miners. In this way they got along for several years. A child had been born to them the second year. She was the pet of the camp and considered their mascot. Every time a large find of gold was discovered, she was given a share, the father investing, besides buying several for himself. One day a great grief came to the mother and child; the father was killed. They had to leave the camp, it not being safe for them to remain. The kind-hearted men gave them gifts to take on their journey as well as buying the claims. The mother took the child to a city to find employment. Before she was successful, her money had been spent. She tried among her friends, but they were unable to help her; then she got cooking to do, but that separated her from her child. She then obtained a place as housekeeper, even doing the hardest work to keep her little girl with her. It was not long before the man who employed her gave her to understand that he expected more from her than she was willing to give, so she was obliged to leave and live in a noisy district that racked her nerves because those who had nice houses refused to take children. In time her money was gone again and she had no friends who would help her. One day when the child was about six years old the mother became ill and died.

The child was placed in an orphans' home, and then given to a woman who used her as a little drudge. It was hard to have no mother to love her, no pretty clothing, but she could love the baby that she had to mind and

her poor little love nature had all gone out to that baby, even when it had grown older and would abuse her until she cried with pain, she still loved it. The husband in this home died, and again she was homeless.

She was at the age of thirteen then and had taken a place as nurse, when one day she had been called into the breakfast room to answer some questions about her name and her father, by the master who was reading the morning papers. After a day or two she was startled to find that she was expected to show a new nurse where to find all the things belonging to the baby and children; then she was told that in the future she was to be one of the family and was asked how she would like to go to school. It had been her secret ambition; she studied hard and was admitted to one of the best colleges. At the age of twenty she was home again, or rather the place she had learned to look upon as home and still did not know why these people had so suddenly changed toward her. One day she was reading the paper and saw her mother's name. She had often read over her marriage certificate and found it was the name advertised for. She had often wondered why she had to sign a paper for the allowance which they were giving her; it seemed strange. She answered the advertisement, however, and discovered that her mother had fallen heir to a fortune which became hers. Instead of these people rejoicing with her, as she had expected, they were angry. They said many things about ingratitude that made her feel so uncomfortable that she left them. Her lawyer discovered that she had had a larger fortune left her by her grandfather years before, she being the only direct heir on her father's side. Suitors and friends sprung up like mushrooms, but the man she loved died. Life lost all interest for her then in a personal way. She could never forget the pov-

erty she and her mother had suffered. She was watching to see what she could do with the money that had come too late to be of use to the parents who had needed it so much.

Then she heard about the society. She said, "What a good thing that must be."

Then she donned plain clothes and went to work in the worst paid places she could find, just to learn the histories of the women who were forced to work in such places. This is how she gained the title (she worked for a cause). As is the case with so many who are already rich, the mines that had been theirs had not been sold according to law. Now all this money had come to her without any effort on her part. She had merely inherited it, so she determined that it should do the most good to the largest number of people.

She had become acquainted with Scoris, Helen, Tom and the rest of the family, and was given the name of "Princess" because the people among whom she had worked had always spoken of her as "The Princess Love-child." A little girl once asked her name and she replied, "Love, child," not intending that her name should be known, but the child said it was Lovechild, and all thinking the name appropriate, it clung to her.

She was now past thirty years of age. Always finding out where her money was needed the most, she gave freely. She had given it for factories, to help along the exchanges, to buy shares for the old who were unable to do for themselves. She used it to place hundreds of children in the society until they were old enough to earn their own living. The society said the name of "Princess" was none too good for her, for she had given in return the love of her very being. Some brought their

jewels to her to be set in her crown that she wore on coronation days.

She was not the only princess by any means, but they all had to earn their titles.

One day she had been going the rounds to find the deserving who could be brought into the society, when she heard a child crying bitterly at a window. She walked slowly past and smiled. The little fellow looked at her and then called out, "I am all alone and it is getting so dark. Oh! I am afraid; and the door is locked. Won't you stay here until mamma comes?" She did so and what was her surprise to hear the child say that his name was "Freddie Moberly." Then he looked around and said, "No, it is Freddie Smith. I forgot." She questioned him and found he was the child who had been lost for nearly two years. She told him not to be frightened that she would stay until his "mamma," as he called the woman, returned. In a moment or two she came, and as the child drew back into the room, the Princess walked on, but no sooner had the door closed than she returned and rang the bell. As Mrs. Smith appeared, she asked to be allowed to go in as she wished to talk to her. The child was sent out of the room and the Princess started at once on the subject for which she had called. In a short time, Mrs. Smith told her if Mrs. Moberly would get a divorce from her husband that she could have the child. "He was a wreck from drinking and I nursed him back to life. We were attracted to each other and when he afterwards told me he was married and his wife would not live with him, I was sorry for him. I knew at once that it was drink, and I also knew that if left to himself he would be as bad as ever, for I could stop him from drinking. Well, you see the result. He will support himself and me, but he wouldn't keep sober

long enough, even if she would live with him, to support his wife. Now I am not all bad, as she thinks I am. I am sorry that we have the child ; I don't want to take him from his mother, and I certainly didn't take her husband from her, as the papers said. You see we know all about it. It is not a case of kidnaping, either, for the law has never given her the child and she cannot get him until she secures a divorce. I cannot see my mother until I am his lawful wife. Now, madam, you see how it is."

The Princess had never known such a case before. That woman did not seem to be a thoroughly bad woman and there was evidently something in the man to make it worth her while to stick to him. His selfishness and drinking had embittered the whole of his wife's early life and shadowed the childhood of his children as well as leaving them dependent.

The next day the Princess drove to the Colony. She saw Tom Vivian and talked over what was to be done. They sent for Mira and told her.

Shortly after Tom called at the house where the child had been found by the Princess, but as he expected, they had gone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The title of Prince had been given Charley Evens because he had proved himself an unusually bright and shrewd as well as a liberal and broad-minded man; all classes liked him. He secured the first coal mine for the society by his clear reasoning among his friends who had money saved.

"Invest it," he had said to them all, "I have been to the mine; I have worked in it. I tell you it will pay with the society's protection."

His manner was so forceful that they believed him and it turned out as he had said. The mine was the means of increasing the members to many thousands in the city because coal could be bought cheaper by members.

Then he pushed the automobile system. Everything he did was a success because he gave his whole mind to it. From small beginnings, the savings of the members to thousands of dollars he had used to start factories. All trusted him; in return they were receiving dividends that were earning them neat little incomes. Of course he was a favorite and one and all said he was a prince; it is a pleasure to do business with such a man and they demanded that he receive the title of Prince Charley Evens, just to show their appreciation. He had secured a good income for himself besides helping others who needed assistance. He was a friend upon whom all relied. When he found that Geron Vivian was in danger of losing his property by foreclosure he went quietly

to work to secure it to the family and presented it to Mrs. Vivian, Geron's mother.

* * * * *

It had been arranged that a double wedding would take place after Thanksgiving day, and Prince Charley and Paul had secured apartments in a new building especially fitted up for young married couples. They each had a suite of rooms opening into the same hall and Scoris and Helen were giving them their finishing touches before their friends arrived. Beautiful presents were in each apartment, many gifts from people the least expected to remember them. Everywhere evidences of the love in which they were held in the community. All had seen the rare china, the silk drapery embroidered by loving hands. Everything that could make a home lovely and a place of rest was there. They were holding a reception so all their friends could see them before they left for their travels. It seemed as though the family could do nothing all day but walk through the apartments and admire it all. Each hour brought some new gift. Mrs. Vivian enjoyed it as much as the rest.

Mira was trying hard to be cheerful amidst all the festivities that were going on. Her heart still yearned for her boy and now she realized all she had lost by her foolish infatuation. But as yet nothing had been heard of the child.

About three o'clock in the afternoon a carriage drove up to the door and Princess Lovechild was announced. All came forward to express their pleasure in seeing her. Her manner was so constrained that they soon saw she had something to tell. Her eyes kept following Mira and then as their glances met, the Princess looked toward the door. Mira turned and there stood Freddie, looking

rather startled at seeing so many people he had never seen before.

"My boy, my own Freddie," Mira cried, "at last!" Then they all wanted to know how she had found him.

"Oh, it was not a case of finding him at all. I received a letter from Mr. Moberly that I could take him to his



mother, so you may be sure I lost no time in going for him, and we came as fast as the ponies could bring us, didn't we, Freddie?"

Poor child, he couldn't speak. Everything had been done so quickly that he was bewildered. Soon his sister and little brother arrived, then he realized that he was home once again. His mother, sister and brother were inseparable. The baby, seeing all the attention that Freddie was getting, began to feel slighted. Nellie was jumping around like a mad child in the midst of it all. The Princess left the room to find Tom. Presently they returned and Tom said:

"Mira, I have your divorce papers. If you wish, you can take your maiden name again. Will you?"

"Indeed I will," she answered.

"Then," Tom says, "after the next coronation day, you will be known as the Honorable Mira Vivian."

"Yes," she murmured, "and with the name of Moberly gone forever, I and my children are free. Freddie, dear, your name is Vivian."

"What," exclaimed the child, "another name!" They all laughed. Mira and her children then withdrew to her apartments.

CHAPTER XXV.

The wedding day dawned clear and bright and the weather was all that could be desired, and in the midst of a profusion of flowers the ceremony took place. The costumes were beautiful and two fairer brides were never led to the altar. The picture remained in the minds of all who saw them for many years. The wedding was in the morning so they could leave on the mid-day train for their honeymoon.

A special car belonging to the society had been placed at their service and was fitted up with drawing room, state room and dining room accommodations.

The guests had departed and Mrs. Vivian went alone to the apartments of the newly married daughters. They were so bright and had every convenience for comfort and rest.

The pictures on the walls and the statuary were works of art, all showing the taste of the occupants as well as their own industry. All displayed the fact that their friends who had presented them with so many of these things were artists as well as people of wealth.

"Well, I intend to enjoy these rooms while they are away," Mrs. Vivian thought. "What a pleasure it is to know these apartments are secured for them during their lives. No mortgages can ever be placed on them to torment them in the years to come. What a comfort! It is certainly a great comparison between their newly married life and my own and yet my marriage was considered a good one in that day, and it was, both from a financial standpoint and in our affection for each other. Still

all the wealth my husband left me did not give me an income the last few years. If these girls had not secured my shares I am afraid the outlook would not have been so bright and comforting as it is now. I suppose Geron did the best he could, but, oh, men risk so much! He did so differently from what the girls have done. Oh, girls," she soliloquized, "you will never know how happy you have made me by your self-denial."

She turned and looked at a picture of her husband which Scoris had painted. "Yes, my dear," she says sadly, "I wish things could have been different and we could have gone through life longer together. As I look at your dear face it is so lifelike that my heart yearns for you. Dear me! dear me! I do hope no one will come in until I have washed away the trace of these tears. Will I never get accustomed to seeing that picture? She painted it as she remembers him and it is not like any other that we have. What a wonderful talent she has! Paul Arling, you are a lucky man to have won her.

"I am going to sit right down here so I can see them all. Why, how sleepy I am! I will rest just a moment. My!" she exclaimed opening her eyes, "it only seems a moment since I sat down and here I have slept an hour! These rooms are so restful and have such a soothing effect. Everything speaks of harmony. Well, I wish every mother I know could feel as contented as I do over the choice that their daughters have made. They have married men who are worthy of them and that is admitting a great deal. I really feel that I have gained two more children. Time will tell, but until then I am going to look upon them as such."

Next day, Paul Arling's mother called upon Mrs. Vian to invite her to go for a drive. Paul had purchased a small pony for her just before he was married and she

knew that her old friend would enjoy it as much as she would. Their sympathies were very near and now that a relationship had been established between them it was closer than ever. Both loved to drive out into the open country, over the hills and along the lake shore, letting the pony jog along as he liked. It was so pleasant to breathe the balmy air as they talked over the wedding of their beloved children. Mrs. Arling remarked:

"Paul is without doubt the best son I have ever known, for although he has loved Scoris all these years, yet he has stuck to me."

Mrs. Vivian replied: "Yes, but there were two in that bargain, you must admit. Possibly if Scoris had not had me to think of after Geron had lost my income, you would have had another daughter long before now."

"Well, she would have been just as welcome as she is now, bless her dear heart. I am as proud of her as you are."

"Did you not think Helen looked very pretty in her bridal robe?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, but to tell you the truth, I hardly saw any one but Paul and Scoris," Mrs. Arling answered. "They both looked so happy. I think Scoris the handsomest bride I ever saw."

"Isn't that funny," replied Lady Vivian, "Mrs. Carry, Prince Charley's sister, made the same remark about Helen."

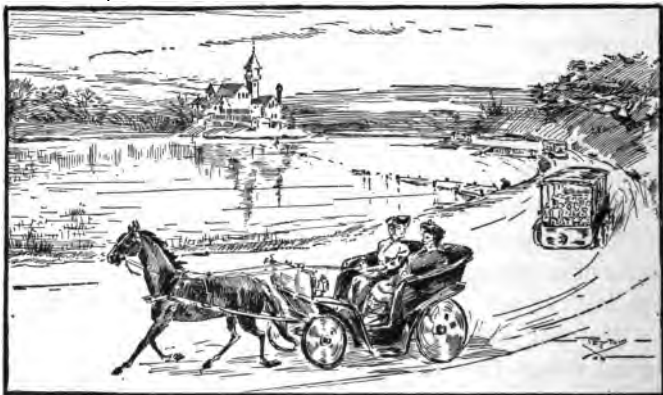
"Certainly, 'every crow thinks his own the blackest.'"

"Well, now, what do you think yourself, Mrs. Vivian?"

"Oh, I don't know. They are so different," continued their mother, "for to me they have always been beautiful, each in her own way, and their characters equally so. Did you know, Mrs. Arling, those girls turned all

their own permanent shares over to my account before Tom knew that Geron had lost either his own or my income? Besides this, they gave up a portion of their salary for me each week. The other members of the family have made it up to them in the last year and I appreciate it, but after all, it was their self-denial that proved their affection for me."

Just then a scream of laughter from childish voices



was heard, and the sound of several automobiles that were coming up on the road behind them.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Lady Vivian, "I hope they will not frighten the pony."

Mrs. Arling turned off to one side to let them pass, and as they came nearer they slowed up so as not to frighten the horse. "It is hard to realize," she said, "that there are fully one hundred children in those three cars. Doesn't it do your heart good to see Mira with all three children around her at last?"

* * * * *

The two brides who are on their wedding trip are not happier than Princess Lovechild, who is the life of the

party. To give happiness to those who would have been deprived of it without her assistance was to her full recompense and she was truly the happiest among them after all.

"Well it is a wonder to me how the Princess and Mira can stand the racket those youngsters are making. It may be their way of expressing their joy, but I must confess that I like to be beyond their voices."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

After the wedding party had returned home, the Vivian family met to talk over the gift that Prince Charley had made Lady Vivian of the mortgage of Geron's property. The mother did not feel justified in giving it to Geron, as had been the idea at first. He had risked losing it once and now she thought it her duty to come to an understanding with him. If he would deed the property to her, she would secure for him shares that would keep him during his life, by turning the property over to the society. He could then help his boys to secure their necessary shares as they grew to manhood, besides giving them the advantages of the society. This he was willing to do, so the affair was settled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Twenty-five years had passed. Tom Vivian was governor of the state and his son was in charge of the first Colony which had become a large town, or groups of towns, rather, for the many industries had settlements in different localities. Human beings had become as valuable as property, and when one part of land was built up another had been selected.

"This is the era of happy reunions and grand old age," said Tom Vivian to a friend as they shook hands one evening. "Everywhere we go it is the same and all seem to have good health. Certainly a contented mind is more than half the cause."

"You remember, Tom," replied his friend, "that twenty years ago we could not take up a daily paper without reading about suicides and murders. In these days we rarely hear of such a thing, for instead of enduring misery, we are curing it by reasonable methods. Poverty which was in most cases the cause, is now only a memory. Do you know, Tom, for what you are admired the most of all?"

"Well, no, I can't say that I do."

"It has been the largeness of your mind in seeing the little things that went towards the building up of the system of this society. Take the apartments, houses, or hotels that are arranged so as to give those of small means as much comfort as those of large money interests. The houses having every provision made for comfort show clearly what a keen eye you had on the domestic situation."

"You forget it was not always I who thought out all these improvements. It has oftener been the men and women who occupy them. They all wanted front rooms, so I called them together and with their aid and suggestions we adopted the method of constructing the buildings that way."

"I consider," continued his friend, "that one of the greatest improvements you have made is the one that enables us to keep our families together. For, after we secured a suite of rooms in the apartment hotel, my wife had no further care in the housekeeping for she objects to keeping help. Our children were young when we started and the kindergarten boarding apartment took them in. It was a great comfort to know that when we wanted them with us my wife, instead of being tired out, had plenty of time and felt fresh and rested so as to be able to enjoy them. Now that our family has been reared with less expense than we could have done in the old way, I have been able to secure sufficient shares to start every one of the children with a separate suite of rooms when they are married. As circumstances demanded we changed our apartments so as to be near each other. I have found it much more satisfactory than it would have been to have left any wealth I have accumulated or of insuring my life, leaving them thousands of dollars of which any one could have robbed them. What a comfort it is to be assured that they have a home and employment as long as they will need it and an allowance or pension for their remaining days.

"I met an old acquaintance the other day who hadn't been able to see along the lines as we did years ago. Now he has no standing or titles in the country. You see he couldn't grasp the situation and ideas. The old ways

were good enough for him. I see your sister, Mrs. Shuman, has at last taken an apartment."

"Yes," replied Tom, "the Shumans were glad to come and had they done so before money depreciated as it necessarily had to do before the new order of things, they would have been better off. Why, he even blamed me for his losses. I didn't quarrel with him on account of my sister, but I wrote in the next issue of our paper an article describing his position, then I saw that he got it. You know he was a very wealthy man at one time. Well, he came in one day and told my sister that he had made thirty thousand dollars through wheat advancing that he had bought on a margin. My sister said to him. 'All that money on a margin and you never saw the wheat? Well, I think that was wonderful.'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'you see, money makes money. When a man has it and the rest of the people have not, why it is easy as rolling off a log. A friend gave me a tip.'

"'Lear, tell me how that sort of thing is done. How do these people know that wheat and all these commodities are going up? And, then, how can they control such an immense amount of money in their exchanges? How is it possible for people to make such a large amount of money just through a few cents profit on the bushel?' she said.

"'Oh, I can't explain all that to you now. I just hurried home to give you your third of it all. I was afraid I might be tempted to invest it in something else and lose it, for it is a gamble. I believe in a man giving his wife her third while he is alive, then both can enjoy it.'

"After he had gone back to the bank Libra sat down to think it all over. She had everything that she actually needed, but she would like the diamonds he had spoken of a few days before. Well, she could have them now

and she believed she would get them; they would add so much to her appearance. She had just decided this point when Scoris called to see her. Of course she told her of Lear's generosity, then asked what she would do if any one gave her such a splendid gift.

"Do with it?" exclaimed Scoris. "Why, I should secure shares in the society as soon as I could get to the treasurer's office to attend to it."

"Why, Scoris, I never thought of that," she answered. "I have a good mind to do it, or at least half of it. Supposing I send it to Tom and ask him to arrange it for me. I can sell it," she said in a hesitating way, "at any time I like, can't I?"

"Yes, to the members," Scoris said, "but I hope you never will, for if anything happened to Lear you would be provided for."

"Oh, come now, Scoris," she replied, "I don't have to provide for my future, my husband will take care of that, but I would like to take some shares in the society. I don't know anything about business and don't know which is right, he or Lear. Of course, if Tom is right, my husband is wrong, so we won't talk about it. I can do as I like with this money, so I will do this. I often feel ashamed to hear people talk about the success he is making and not to be able to tell them something about it myself."

"All right," Scoris had said, and that was how they happened to have shares. When her husband sank all they had in trying to bolster up his failing fortune years after, he was amazed to find that those shares provided him with a home and was even the means of helping him to gain a position in the bank after he had learned its different methods.

"Libra became interested in the society after she had

made an investment in it and often asked questions that showed she was thinking.

"She asked me one day what was meant by margins on the price of wheat. I told her that all over the wheat belts of the country the railroads had immense elevators that the farmers could store their grain in them free from charge. This saved the farmers the expense of storage houses; they, of course, made use of the railroads. The railroads control it and possession is nine points in the law. 'You see, Libra,' I explained, 'the controlling element, which is the money power, keep themselves' in touch with each other. The railroads are a part of that power. So is the stock exchange where the price of the grain is fixed. Then the price is telegraphed to the different points where the elevators are situated and the dealers announce the price to the farmers. If they have to sell at any price to straighten out their indebtedness at the stores or for hired men who help them to seed and then thresh and get it in, as many do, they will sell at the first chance; they can't help themselves. The dealer will own it now who is living on any profits he can get out of it and he is usually a bright, sharp man. He in turn holds it for the city dealers; all have to risk something for each tries to get all they can. Now remember, it may never have left that elevator where it was stored in the first place by the farmer, still, all these men have a profit out of it. Now, your husband bought at a certain price and he sold his margin or profit to someone else. He couldn't sell the wheat for he never had it, nor did he ever intend to get it. He had the money to invest and he was assured that he could make that amount out of it, or, in other words, he held or "cornered it" for a few hours or days, and that is perhaps what he did.'

"Then she asked, 'But how do they get the money?'

I answered, 'From the banks and insurance companies usually; of course, that is only one way. There are many others.'

"But how is it that the banks and insurance companies get all those millions that rich people can control?"

"They come from the savings of the industrious classes.'

"Don't the banks and insurance companies risk more than they have a right to in loaning that money?"

"No," I said, 'they secure it by mortgages or in some other legal way.'

"She studied for a moment, then said:

"After all I don't see how some people know when prices are going up.'

"I answered, 'If you had all the wheat under your control and had money enough to keep it there, you would soon know for the people would pay any price to get it. A cent or two extra on bread when millions are consumed each day amounts to a large sum of money,' I told her.

"Why, of course," she answered, 'I see now.'

"I don't think it is honest," she said after a while.

"Well, no," I answered, 'that is why I started this society, so that the people could protect themselves from the money power.'"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Honorable Thomas Vivian first started the Wealth Producing and Distributing Society when but a young man, and though he is only middle aged now, he is more honored than any other man in the country. Hundreds have formed societies as he did, still all looked up to him as their head and superior. The latter he objected to, for he claimed that every locality should place their best managers at the head and then conduct the business so that those who excelled could have the credit of their own ability.

It only takes four or five years to show what kind of people are at the head of any enterprise, then after each separate colony has proved its standing, it should be recognized by the older branches, always in business and honors also. It had been proved a wonderful incentive to the good morals and honesty of the society, to confer titles and whole neighborhoods were known by their prevailing sentiments, even if they were peculiar regarding their ideas. If one branch found that another was not truthful and honest as a whole society, they declined to do business with them, or look upon their titled members as their equals, therefore all aimed to be worthy of the highest honors, each in their own locality.

It gave women a better title than Miss or Mrs., for marriages were not always a mark of honor in those days. Then, besides, women did not lose their identity as they did before in marriage. It was considered that titles were a step higher for them. Each man and woman was known by their own merits and if the names were changed it

was a combination of both names, or they kept their own ; or if they wished to keep the old custom it was no one's business. Still the wife was the Hon. Mary, etc.

No society could regulate these things, but all right-living people lived so as to be an honor to the cause, continually keeping the greatest good to the largest number in view.

Again we find the Vivian family assembled to honor their mother's birthday. The grand-children with their husbands and wives make up a good-sized crowd by themselves, but they cannot outdo their parents' enthusiasm in making this the happiest birthday the mother and grandmother has had in years, and here we leave them to enjoy the fruit of their labors.

THE END OF FIRST STORY.

THE WEALTH PRODUCING AND DISTRIBUTING SOCIETY.

We, the members of this society, consider life, liberty, and happiness sacred beyond all other earthly considerations.

Therefore we protect life, we liberate human beings from the bondage that money holds over them, we make it possible for them to secure homes and a pension that never can be taken away from them as long as they live.

In securing this much for them we believe that we are laying the foundation for their happiness.

Each member, as they sign their names promising to keep the laws and rules of the society, must remember that they are binding themselves to protect the life, liberty and happiness of all members. As the society holds all wealth in trust for the members its laws are enforced to protect their interests.

Each member is expected to know the value of wealth in comparison with money. They must recognize that money is only a medium of exchange and that the shares of the society represent their wealth earned by labor, and that the society is the only source in which *labor* can be protected sufficiently to ensure homes and a pension.

In joining the society all must agree to the following rules and regulations and in no wise can any become members without doing so:

I hereby promise to keep all rules laid down by the wealth producing and wealth distributing society.

In using the society's property in the pursuance of labor or pleasure, its waterways or conveyances, or any-

thing in connection with said society, I promise to protect it from law suits or any other unnecessary expense or trouble. I take my own risk as to accidents and will in no wise injure the said society by appealing to the law of the country.

I hereby agree to take the society's shares, scrip, produce, or other commodities in exchange for my labor or money expended in shares, and will in no case exact coin from said society.

I hereby take oath that all money I place with the society is legally mine.

I also agree to give up to the society my shares either bought with money or labor in case of any law suit brought against me. I do this to protect said society.

I agree to abide by the decision of the officers in charge of the society in all cases of disagreement.

I promise that I will not employ those outside of the society to perform any labor for me if I can find what I need in the society and that whenever possible I will buy from the members of the society.

Any member breaking these rules also agrees to forfeit all claim on said society. Members may sell their shares to other members, but cannot withdraw them from the society, because each share represents the strength in the society's structure, in the same way as the bricks in the wall of a building. If bricks were taken out of the building it would soon fall. The same with the shares; they must remain intact because the money and labor that these shares represent was used to build the members' home, to ensure employment and a pension when too old to labor.

Each member pays \$1.00 per year for general expenses, then agrees to buy at least one permanent share each year at \$12.00 per share. Permanent shares represent all

buildings on the land belonging to the Colony as well as improvements. When a member has sufficient permanent shares to entitle him to live in an apartment building or hotel he is exempt from paying taxes or rent, and when he has sufficient consumable shares to justify the society in awarding him a pension he will be independent for life.

All money and labor is invested in permanent shares to buy materials, to build factories, hotels, apartment houses, land or machinery that will be permanent, fruit trees, etc. Members who had homes of their own could buy sufficient consumable shares to ensure them an income. Then as many permanent shares as would be required to allow them to live in an apartment house. It wouldn't exempt them from paying the regular \$1.00 per year for general expenses except in cases where the whole amount had been paid to insure them an income for life.

Scrip was issued with the consent of the officers in charge and only issued to the amount of their security. The signature of the president, secretary and cashier was necessary to make it legal.

It was issued for the purpose of exchange among members. It paid for any kind of labor done for the society, the president having power to issue sufficient to satisfy the demand of its members.

One benefit of scrip is that it cannot be stolen nor can it be issued by any one except those appointed by the society and it must be for value received.

As nearly all members lived in the city and were paid in coin for their labor in the beginning of the Colony, money was as plentiful as scrip and could always be exchanged. This society having its central Colony within thirty miles of the city, made it easier to exchange either its scrip or produce. The city members had money to buy

either shares or produce. The manager of the Colony having the land secured by the membership fee each year could secure all labor by issuing scrip. He could buy from the farmers in large quantities at wholesale the first year or until he was able to grow the food that the members needed; he could then sell to them in exchange for the scrip he issued for their labor, at retail market prices if he employed them. If he sold to the city members they would have money to pay; this money he could use to buy from outside dealers such articles as the Colony could not produce at first.

Special apartments were used for the aged. They were quiet and restful. No children were allowed in the buildings. There were several parlors where they could meet each other when socially inclined, but their own rooms were private. In the beginning of the society some of these old people contributed the best of their furniture towards fitting up these parlors. The society bought them, allowing their value to go on their shares, besides they contributed their tables and chairs for the dining room. Elevators were used on all the floors so as to make it easy for them to go up and down. Separate sections were used for lone men and women. The men's parlors were fitted up so they could smoke or rest, read, or talk and make themselves comfortable in their own way, only men were allowed in them. The women's apartments were separated from the men's by those used by the aged married couples, the married people using those situated in the center.

As the buildings were built the length of the street, this was an easy matter. The public dining room was all in one, but each family or group of friends used tables by themselves. Their own homes and freedom to

live as they wished was the object the majority had in view.

In some instances young married people also used apartments in these buildings if they had no children.

One large public parlor for both men and women was on the lower floor and was used at first for entertainments. All the parlors were furnished with good, comfortable chairs, rugs, pictures, draperies, etc., not necessarily new, but in as good order. The main object being to have them homelike and cozy.

The society was able to reach a larger number by practicing these economies and it helped these old members to dispose of their things when they first joined the society. Five hundred dollars enabled one person to secure one room and a small pension for life after they were sixty-five years of age with all privileges allowed in the apartment buildings. This did not include their board, but gave them more freedom in their choice of food and besides they could use the scrip issued for clothing or any purpose. They could cook their own food if they wished or buy it already cooked.

As the aged had no social homes provided for them the society found it could supply that difficulty by accepting members over 65 years of age for not less than \$300. This amount would allow them one room, heat, light and their laundry done, or where two occupied one room it was \$500 for their lifetime. This included their board. They were expected to find their own furniture, bedding, etc., and attend to their own rooms and wait upon themselves unless they were ill. After their demise if any means was left it went to the society.

Five hundred dollars was the lowest sum accepted where a pension was granted, and that only secured a small room. One thousand dollars secured a larger and

better room and a larger pension. The age of the person made a difference also and these figures are only given to indicate possibilities that would suit all kinds of people. The apartments were also arranged so that the people could be classified. They could change their apartments if they wished also. This low amount is stated to encourage those of small means and help all to secure homes.

The society's apartment hotels were built to accommodate not only wealthy people but those of refinement, who had only a small amount of money. Small rooms could be found in all the buildings as well as large. They were built in different localities to suit the habits and tastes of all. The main idea being to secure the people against fraud and robbery by the failing of so many insurance companies, banks, and mortgages or where their savings had been placed, and to secure all from poverty, from the infant to the aged person.

Men and women who had been accustomed to give a percentage of their wages each week in times of strikes, found that it was as easy to pay the same amount into the society for shares, for the money that secured shares was not lost even though the depositor failed to keep it up. It was safer than in a bank also and drew a better interest even than if it was on a mortgage. The small amount accepted (twenty-five cents per week) brought it within the reach of all industrious people. The advantage of free burial in case of death, besides their being able to sell the whole amount of shares in case of sickness, or disaster, was appreciated. The money so invested could not be lost to the depositor, because it was either invested in land, buildings, or other valuable properties that secured it. Never before in history had the people's savings been so perfectly secured to them; no

matter how large or small the amount. People gave up their life insurances and when they lived in the Colony even their fire insurance, because the society was sufficient assurance for everything connected with their lives. Those who were saving money to buy homes invested it in permanent shares because the shares earned for them \$1.20 each year, per share, which amounted to \$6.00 each single share in five years. In this way two shares bought one more in five years with its interest alone. (As it had to stand five years before being added to the principal it did not earn compound interest.) Those who wished to secure homes within a limited time and whose income was small could do so with less money than in any other way. For they could secure shares entitling them to use one room or as many as they could afford. Inexpensive apartment houses were built first so as to meet the demand of the majority who would be employed. The members lived in the apartments and paid rent for them when they couldn't pay for them in shares; but if they lived there five years that rent was allowed on the shares.

Apartment houses were built instead of cottages, for many reasons. They were cooler in summer, and could be heated better and with less expense in winter. They also afforded protection to lone women, as night and day watchmen kept guard in the halls.

Some apartments had small kitchens so as to meet the demands of all the people, but many used the public ones, for each could have their own stoves, etc., and the persons in charge kept them clean. The majority, however, bought their food already cooked or left their orders each day with the cooks in charge. All apartments had large windows and porches. They were built the length of the street, the streets being shorter than usual, so as to

make the gates that opened into the houses on the ground floor convenient to go through with the steam wagons or automobiles.

This track was used to bring everything into the building, the main doors being kept in better order by this method. The kitchens and diningrooms were on the lower floor or basement as they were called and were on one side of the track, the other side being used for store rooms. This arrangement kept everything unsightly (such as many back dooryards are) from the gaze of the curious and enabled the apartment windows to face the street with its flowers and trees on each side in summer.

They were built facing east and west, so that all occupying them could benefit by the sun's rays and yet be protected from the intense heat in summer from the south side, or from the severe cold in winter on the north side.

The public parlors and library were at the end of each upper floor. The inexpensive apartment houses were built not only to last for ages but to give comfortable homes to its inmates. They were built plainly but of material that gave them a superior appearance. As the society owned the buildings, the members could secure better apartments as they increased their shares, or as soon as a better grade was built. Apartment hotels were built in modern style to accommodate those of large means and who wished to secure their money by investing it in the society's shares. Money so invested proved to be absolutely safe besides returning a better interest, and whether a small amount or large it came to the member (without any annoyance or delay) either weekly, monthly or quarterly.

All members had to be truthful and honest in their dealings or they could not receive titles. Only titled

members had votes on the regulations and rules pertaining to the society.

Members were allowed \$100 on their shares for every new member they presented if the member thus secured remained in the society two years and paid all dues.

This percentage was added towards the purchasing of shares for the member who presented the new member.

Many members secured shares in this way that helped them eventually to have homes that they could never have in any other way.

Members could build tent houses for summer use by paying rent for the land.

Members who lived on the land controlled by the society had the benefit of free burial when they lived in the Colony two years, and had paid for two shares (these shares were used to partly pay the expense, the society paying the balance) ; this was only done when the members were buried in the Colony's burying ground or cemetery.

All members who intended leaving their shares after their demise to any one except to the society had to make a will to that effect, or the society claimed the right to use the value of such shares for the benefit of the aged members who were unable to provide all they required. All shares left with the society by members who dropped out and did not sell them was used for the same purposes in five years after the last payment was made.

When any member left children or any one dependent upon them they were expected to secure their shares to them, and if the children were young the society held said shares until the children became members entitling them to the privileges, or it used the amount for their care until they were old enough to work. In such cases

the society or some member adopted the children and became responsible for them.

Many children were adopted by the society when their mothers had been left destitute. These children were provided for by a special fund for that purpose. It took care of them until they were old enough to provide for themselves, but they were then bound to return to the fund a percentage of their earnings each day to keep up the same advantages for other children situated as they had been. Children adopted by the society were not taken away from their parents as they were from private persons, for the parent could live in the Colony, but the society could compel the children to live in the Colony until they had repaid it for any expense incurred in their childhood.

All young people who were employed by the society left a percentage of their earnings to be used for present necessities for either the aged or children, then they were exempt to the amount as well as the interest that would accrue from buying consumable shares, for the rising generation could do the same for them in their old age. This was one of the greatest advantages in the society, after the first generation of children were grown, for by that time the society knew the average expense of supporting each member.

The amount each member had to pay was so small that a large number invested their savings in factories. The stock was five dollars. That gave all a chance to invest. The poor man or woman who had their savings in the bank or those who lived on the investment of money, all had a chance to secure better interest. You see there was no risk. The market was already secured. Every member was interested.

Every dollar's worth sold had to be by a member ap-

pointed by the President and approved by the members. For ten per cent on every dollar's worth had to be allowed the society for securing the market. Ten per cent had to be allowed the member who bought from them also, but was not paid them in coin but added to the shares. That made it cheaper to them than advertising. The company had to employ the society's members. Factories were started in the city, but only remained there until they were built in the Colony.

A committee of members could build a factory on the land secured by the society free from ground rent if it could be done without their going in debt, for no materials unpaid for could be brought upon the society's land. This rule was made to prevent law suits that would endanger the society.

These members were allowed to make all they could out of it, within the rules, for a certain number of years, but had to sell to the society when the time was up, at the cost price of labor and materials, etc.

One or more people would take up the different branches and were given the exclusive right to sell to the society as long as they kept within the rules. The rules were that a member was to receive ten per cent on every dollar's worth of goods they bought. This percentage was to be added to their shares. All goods to be sold at a price regulated by a committee of members and those who were investing in the enterprise. Dry goods of all kinds were represented, hardware, crockery, etc. A general overseer was appointed to see that a right percentage was paid to the society for securing the customers.

Three men started a hat factory, for both men and women's hats. They were given the exclusive right to

manufacture them as long as they kept within the rules of the society.

Two women started the millinery department. Four others dressmaking. Three men did tailoring, others took charge of the shoe department, all using their own capital, each group paying their share of the rent. Every line of business was represented that the members required.

It gave all a chance to invest their savings. As each business venture enlarged so that more partners were required to run it, the society took charge of it. In every instance those who started the business and had brought it to that point, were given charge of it at a percentage that paid them more than it would to keep on alone. The society had to pay cash for everything that it controlled; so did the members when they sold under the society's patronage. If there was no debt there was no danger of the society being wrecked.

In all the large department stores several salesmen and saleswomen saw the advantage to themselves in co-operation with the society and soon such stores were started in the cities. They realized their benefits and determined to secure homes and pensions without delay. Each department was represented by those that understood the business. The money that had been kept in the banks was withdrawn and the days of small beginnings had returned once more.

It was a satisfaction that no one could become rich from their labor except those who were co-operative with them. The people lived more simply, the chief aim being to live honorable, truthful lives; to gain titles that showed friends and strangers who and what they were was worth more to them than all the flash and make-believes that had contented them in days gone by.

The society found it cheaper to make good roads with the labor of crowded-out men than to use the old system of cars. Automobile cars that carried coal and grain, as well as every kind of produce, spoke loud and plainly as to the price they were going to pay those magnates of commerce.

Wealth beyond what each could use was only foolishness. It was almost as bad as giving their labor away. They received honors when they donated wealth to the society for the benefit of little children, invalids, or the aged. Young people were given extra advantages who cheerfully helped those who belonged to them and who were unable to do all for themselves, but no member was allowed to support another if that other was better able to work for themselves than the one who was doing it. The society gave employment to all healthy men and women who were members and paid their dues. All being consumers, they helped to keep the scrip in circulation. In the beginning of the society many city members sent their aged parents to the colony to live. It gave them a chance to do light work when they were able, and their permanent shares could be added to those members at the old peoples' death.

Those who held highest rank were always given the best offices. They also controlled the councils, because they gained their titles for honesty and truthfulness first, then for special services to the society, bravery in times of danger, self-denial in giving up their wealth for the love of the people. Merit, not money, ruled. Often those who held the highest titles saw that someone besides themselves were better fitted for the duties that naturally came to them. In those cases the best person was appointed of either sex. No one could hold an important office that had not received a title, nor could they in any

way be placed over members who had proved themselves superior.

The object of giving titles was to place the best members in control. Money had ruled so long and so unjustly that it was necessary to place the members in positions that they would be honored for their integrity. So the custom was established at the beginning of the society. All knew what to expect when they joined and could not complain if they saw a certain class preferred to themselves. No person's honesty was taken as a matter of course. The business of all concerned had to be constantly under the supervision of committees formed each month to audit the accounts, receive complaints, and settle disputes. It is a well-known fact the world over that some people are always in trouble. That kind know nothing else and they must be weeded out of the association, otherwise they will cause a dissatisfaction that no power can stop if let run on. They are like a small fire that can be controlled in the beginning. Compel such people to sell their shares if reasoning fails to bring them to their senses. The greatest good to the largest number must always prevail. There is nothing so contagious as unreasoning discontent among a mixed people.

Patience is necessary in all walks in life, but was never needed more than in becoming accustomed to the new forms of government. So many would forget and fall back to the old ways at first, and those who were careless were nearly always jealous of the persevering members who surpassed them.

The scale of wages was the same as union men and women received in factories outside of the society, even if the hours were less per day, excepting in cases of piece work that was done by old or infirm people, who only worked as they were able at any time.

The pensions paid to members for the first ten years were according to dividends earned in the factories, etc., in which their money or labor was invested. After ten years it was increased, but at no time could it be decreased.

Ten per cent each year was paid for interest on these shares until the pension was paid, but had to be left to accumulate with the society until then. When a member begins to draw a pension the amount will have to be according to the number of shares and the age of the members when the first allowance is paid. When a pensioner begins to draw his pension at forty-five years of age, it will be less than if they did not draw it till they were fifty-five or sixty years of age, for the amount of shares will have to be divided so that they will last at least until the member is seventy-five years old.

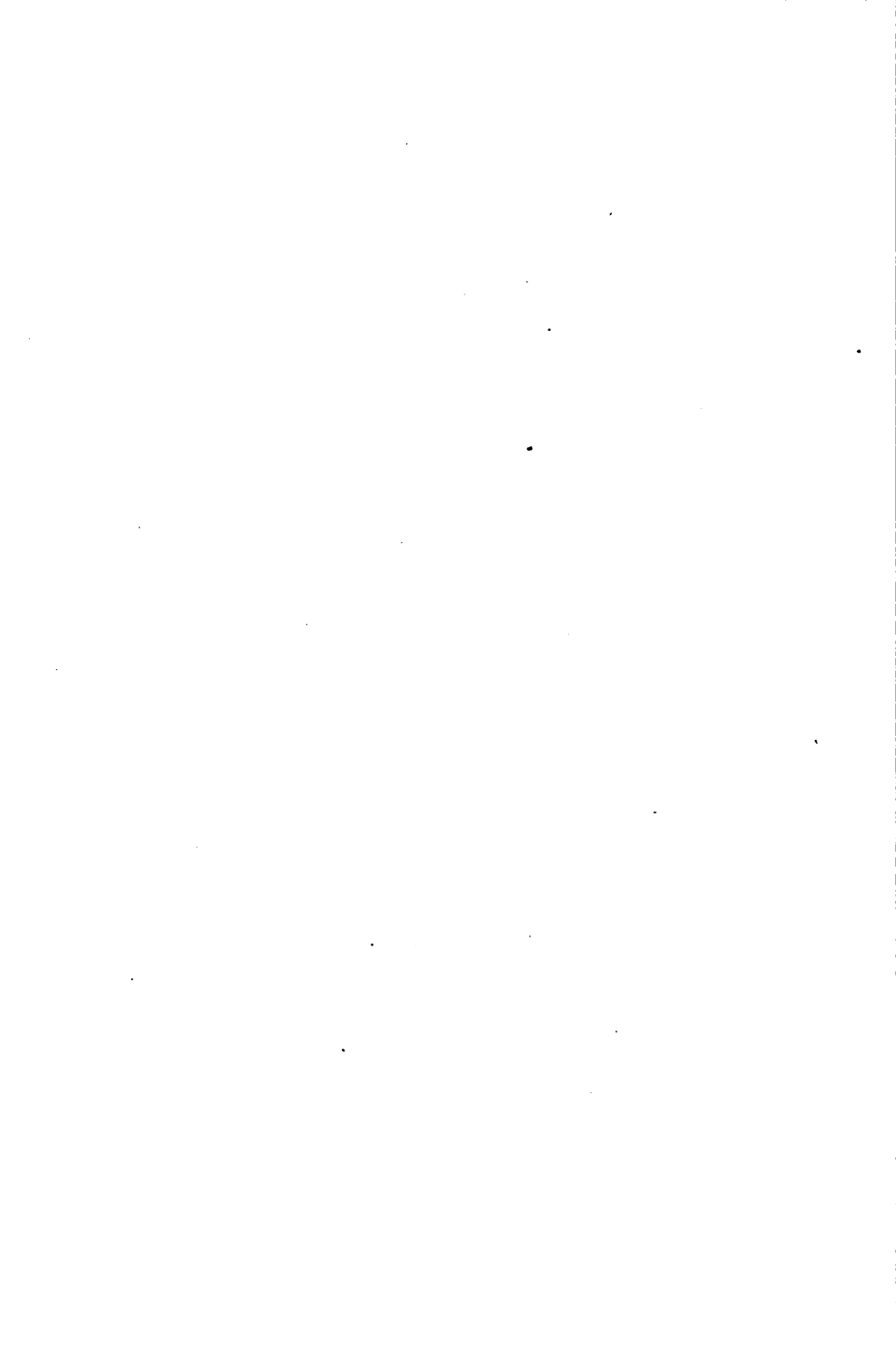
This does not mean that the pension will cease at that age, for it will be paid as long as the member lives.

To protect itself the society had to make rules to pay pensions, according to the members' shares, but it was found by practice that such large amounts were donated for this purpose that their shares were much larger than their personal shares represented.

This rule had to be made during the first generation, but after the first generation of children had the advantage of being provided with homes and an education in childhood, and regular employment in mature years, the society was able to pension them at forty-five years of age, because it had the whole benefit of their labors until that time. In winter we had the machinery so arranged that it could either run the weaving of cotton or the different kinds of materials just by adjusting a certain lever of machinery. In this way we kept men and women employed all the time, securing at least eight hours a day

to all who needed it. At night the white materials were woven when practical and night workers were given shorter hours with the same pay as the day workers. In this way all were secured steady employment, for the same was done with every kind of factory work. In the summer a large percentage of these people were given different employment. Some went to the wheat fields, others to the cotton plantations, for the steam carriages made it possible, or the fruit farms, etc. The first few years it was necessary to work just as many hours in the society as out of it; as soon as all the exchanges were complete the hours were shortened, and those who were not able to work so long each day, even at the first, were given less to do, for the society never was a money scheme but a protection to labor. At the same time those who only worked three or four hours a day got that much less for their labor. It had to be that way at first or idle people would have shirked their responsibilities. This put a stop to overproduction in all lines of goods. All had a large field of employment to choose from and nearly all were satisfied, at least all were better satisfied than they had been before they joined the society.

At the end of five years the society owned the first land that it had built upon and all the industries on it, besides. Then dividends were granted to members, either in permanent or consumable shares, according to the amount they had at the time. The society holding the right to keep in its possession sufficient money or script to increase the standing wealth. The dividends were secured to the first members at this time to reward them for trusting its management and giving the society its impetus. It showed the value of small beginnings and taught a lesson in co-operation among the members in the most practical way.



THE PLANET VENUS.

SECOND STORY.

CHAPTER I.

A gentleman and his wife were sitting in their study. He was reading; she was doing some fancy work. In a few moments their son came in, and seeing his father occupied, took a seat by the window to wait until his father was through.

These people were titled, or, rather, the father and mother were. The elderly gentleman was a lord and his wife a princess. They had both received their titles for their grand and faithful work in helping to restore order to the country in which they belonged. Their name was a combination of both their names, Just and Ring, consequently he was Lord Justring and she was Princess Justring. She could not raise him to her title, nor could he change hers, even had they desired it. Their two children were therefore known as the Justrings, they had received the title Honorable, and their parents wished them to gain greater titles which was the custom of the country. Their motto was: "The world is better for my living in it," for when any one did a great self-sacrificing act, it always added to their title in some way.

In a few moments Lord Justring looked up to see what it was that his son wanted.

The young man approaching, said:

"The study of worlds may be a very interesting subject, but, father, I am positively sick of it. There is nothing in it to reward you for all your trouble, that I

can see. Take the planet Earth, for example. The missionaries have not made one beneficial change in the condition of the masses from what they were twenty-five years ago. The fact that we are able to hear as well as see them, I admit, is something to our credit, but what good is it to them? I thought after we had perfected those last instruments that we would be able to make them catch the ideas we are trying to convey to them."

"Your life can only be perfected by the good you do for the more ignorant worlds. You must be patient; but why are you discouraged?"

"Because the ones I wish to reach and help don't catch the messages. Instead of helping them I have found that we are actually helping the wealthy people to see their advantage, for they are the only ones who have been able to make use of the suggestions. This wealth, in turn, is being used to cement all the closer the bond of servitude and those who toil are in a worse plight today than in any time during the Earth's history. Since I have taken up this work, I have no peace of mind and I cannot enjoy life.

"It is a fearful thing to see millions upon millions of people toiling to sustain life, even in times of peace, besides knowing that those who work the hardest have the least for their labor, while the cry of those who are starving because they have no work to do, is unbearable. Then the unnecessary wars all brought about to enrich those in power and keep the ignorant dependent."

"Why, my son, that is the reason that we who live on the older planets form these societies to reach the younger ones; the planet Herschel has caught the messages sent to them. That should be encouraging."

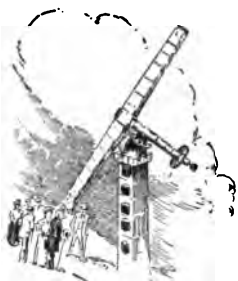
"Yes, it is, but only a few in comparison with the multitude of worlds after all."



"Well, all have to make a beginning; then they can go on and perfect their system as we have done ours."

At this point of the conversation a young lady entered the room. Her face showed a depth of thought unusual in one so young. She looked at them for a second to see

if she would be interfering with the conversation, but as they seemed to be on the same subject she commenced:



"Father, is it necessary for me to continue my efforts to reach the planet Earth?"

"Why, my dear, surely you are not going to complain also. Your brother has just told me that he would like to give it up. It would grieve me sorely if either of you do."

"Oh, brother, you don't mean it? Men are so strong, they ought not to give in so soon."

"It is all very well to say so, but I have not had any peace since I took it up, sister mine. I don't understand why I should give up so much of my life to what seems such a hopeless task."

"Well, children, sit down and tell me what you have accomplished."

"Father," the young lady replied, "I have accomplished nothing, absolutely nothing that I can see."

"Well, tell me what you saw."

"It is so discouraging that I hate to talk about it. The last time I used the instrument I could not only hear all they said, but see them. One of the first things that I saw made me so ill that I can hardly sleep. I saw a woman who lived in a city, in a part of the world they call America, burning her children to death. You know

I had asked to take that part of the world because I was told it was the home of freedom. I couldn't see what the term 'Freedom' meant when little children could be left at the mercy of a lunatic. I tried to get away from the instrument, but I was fascinated. Then I directed the instrument to a home, not fifteen minutes' walk away, and saw the other extreme. I saw women and girls dressed for a reception in beautiful gowns and quantities of jewels; they actually had on their persons enough wealth to support twenty such families for the rest of their lives."

"Well, I should think that is all the more reason that you should persevere in trying to reach those and make them hear you."

"Oh, well, father, I cannot talk any more about it today. It is too terrible."

Lord Justring looked at his children for a few moments and then said:

"You must remember one thing, that you owe to many others besides your mother and I all the blessings you now enjoy. Had we become discouraged at seeing the terrible things all around us when we were at your age, you would not be enjoying all the recreation that you do now, the holidays or the advantages of travel that afford you so much pleasure. Forty years ago the government secured all the land and gave it back to the people, believing that everything created by nature belonged to all; but it did not give them a particular amount to live upon. Myself and others had to work very hard to convince the majority that it was the only just way to do. Now your income is so large that you will never use it all. I have never used all mine, nor do I need it. If you will read the history of the last fifty years you will see a wonderful difference in the lives of the people. They live longer because they have more time to take care

of their bodies. They were not compelled to work so many hours, even forty years ago, as they had done in the ages past, but as I said before, there was no special income for all, as there is now.

"At that time we felt justified in setting a certain sum or value for every individual born in our district. Strange as it may seem, humanity was left until the last, all kinds of property were secured to us in this part of the country, but human beings had not had their right value set. We then enforced a law that every man, woman and child had a right to be fed, housed and clothed. An industrial army had been a fact before and the proceeds of their labor enabled the government to secure to all the people an income.

"You know that even yet those who will not work are locked up and deprived of the income they would have otherwise. When they have had enough of solitary confinement we try them again, but don't allow them a choice of their occupation until they do the best in what we give them to do.

"The people ran riot on this planet, robbing each other as they now are doing on other worlds. History repeats itself over and over again in everything. Well, after the people had gone through the struggle of gaining so much, they were satisfied to let results remain as they were. The majority could not see the dangers ahead, but we who did were determined to settle matters once and forever. Some wanted money given to each individual instead of cards representing their wants.

"'No,' we said, 'money was the enemy that had robbed labor at all times and now money must go.'

"We told them that without its use we had emptied the cities of its criminals; we had scattered the people into the country where all could have sunshine as well as

homes. If we still retained money it would only be a short time before a few people could corner the majority in the cities that we had built.

"Children, every advantage that the people possess, the working people had to fight for and they did it by determination and the exacting of their own rights. Even the public schools had to be fought for. The rich were determined that the 'common people,' as they always termed those who served them, should not have them. It would raise the taxes, they said, and why should they pay for other people's children? Common children didn't need an education. Then many of those ignorant dependents, like so many parrots said, 'Oh, no, we did without an education, and so can our children.' This was all before our time. Every generation has its new duties to perform. We received help from older worlds, just as you have been appointed to do our part to the planet Earth. If they had done as you children wish to do, we would have been just where the people upon that planet are now."

"Well," his daughter replied, "I will try it again."

The son answered: "I will not be left out of the struggle now that I see my duty plainer."

Their father thanked them and when they had left the room said to their mother:

"We must encourage them more, for it is a hardship to see suffering when you cannot relieve it."

CHAPTER II.

Professor Longrin had been appointed to select the missionaries in the different worlds. Princess and Lord Justring were talking over their children's discouragement with the professor, for they were feeling quite badly over their desire to give it up.

"The people of the Earth have my sympathy," said the Princess, "and we must find some one who will be willing to devote their time to reaching them. Many public school children among the poor are so hungry that they cannot study in many of the large cities. Then you will hear a great cry go up, 'A bank has failed for \$400,000, or perhaps more, the savings of widows and orphans, all lost by speculating. The bank failure seems by far the most important to the inhabitants. Buildings are erected to keep and protect money in that cost more than would support all the poor little starving children in the world. Just consider all the labor that is thrown away in earning all those millions besides the amount stored in them. Then think of the temptation to rob by those in charge when money means so much to every one.'"

Professor Longrin told Princess Justring that she could take up work with her children and possibly she could encourage them by her experience for a time at least.

In a few days she with her daughter called upon a young married friend who had twin babies, and while there one of the public officers called to present the young mother with her babies' card entitling them to draw upon the government for their support. The quiet and matter-

of-fact way that the mother accepted it recalled to Miss Justring's mind the difference between the mothers on the Planet Venus and those on the Planet Earth, so she said to the happy mother:

"You may be glad that you don't live on the Planet Earth, with two babies at once to care for."

"Why, I don't see what difference it makes whether there is one or two, in fact it seems to me better for them because they will always be such companions and I think any mother would be glad."

"Not all mothers," replied the princess, "Gondell and her brother are studying the Planet Earth and are trying to civilize it." "Oh," continued Gondell, "children are born to some mothers there who have nothing to feed them or herself and the poor things die from neglect." "Why," exclaimed the young mother, "what are the people doing to allow such a thing? Why, I think we mothers are doing our part in life supplying the world with its men and women, without supporting them." "Well," replied Gondell, "little children are dependent upon their mothers and the majority of mothers on their husbands, their husbands in turn are dependent upon some one to employ them, who has money. In fact they are the worst kinds of slaves, for if the rich owned them, they would be sure of being fed, clothed and given a shelter."

"But why should they be slaves," replied the friend, "haven't the people any intelligence?" "Oh, dear, yes," Gondell says, "but they allowed the rich to control the medium of exchange, which is money, until they have gained control of nearly everything. Few people realize their position or know that it is money that compells them to pay a tax on everything they consume. They don't even know that they are slaves. Mothers are of no

account in comparison to men. Men are given pensions in the police force and other public positions, such as the army where they kill other men, but never to women or children. Women cannot even earn as much as men when they do the same kind of work."

"Why, I think they are fools to marry and risk being mothers until they know how they are going to be protected, don't you think so, Princess Justring?" "No, I don't think they are fools, but I do think they are not as brave as they ought to be or they would set everything aside that interests them in life until they had secured to every child born, every woman and man an income to protect them for life."

"It certainly is wrong to become mothers when they cannot protect helpless infants against poverty under every circumstance," the young mother said.

"Money does not protect the rich either, for even the largest fortunes are lost in many cases. Under the present conditions no one is safe from poverty all their lives," the Princess replied.

Looking lovingly at her infants the mother said, "Thank God, I don't have to worry about them."

"Come," said the professor, the next time they were assembled, "I want you to see an ideal home in the country of America, among the working people. Look at that man, isn't he a noble specimen of manhood, using all his energies to secure wealth to lavish upon his wife and children. See with what pride he gazes upon all their attainments. No exertion is considered where they are concerned, and the wife takes her share of responsibility in managing and controlling all within the home so that her husband may have all the rest and comfort possible after his hard work in the office. The children are their pride, nothing

must interfere with their attainments, while he works to supply the means, she works to fit them to be an honor to their name. All the united affection these two can lavish upon them, is considered only justice to the little ones they have been instrumental in bringing into the world. With what loving care the mother gets up in the night to carry the little one that is crying beyond the ear of the father, who has to work next day. See her as she rocks it in her arms, then walks the floors, anything to secure him the rest that he must have if he is going to continue the success that he has had in business. The next morning the children are sitting on each side of the breakfast table while he is at one end and his wife at the other. A merry conversation ensues about the childish pleasures and interests that each have in the other. The husband goes to his employment with that picture in his memory to encourage him and to hasten his home coming. And yet they are living in as great an uncertainty as the poorest in the land. That home may be wiped out and the wife and children become as desolate under existing customs as any others. While it lasts it is fine, but nothing is certain for anyone."

The members of the class each took their turn in studying out the conditions, and after a while they became confident that something had happened to awaken or at least startle the inhabitants.

"Well, Princess Justring," says the Professor, "we may be reaching them after all. Come to the observatory again tomorrow and we will see what is going on. Good-bye, my friends, for the present."

Princess and Lord Justring with their children arrived the next day to find an unusual amount of excitement among the other members. Something had happened on a portion of the planet Earth called the United States of America. The money power was in

an uproar. Some one in a position to know facts was telling the whole country how their money was being invested. This man was daring enough to denounce the whole system in sufficiently plain language that there could be no mistake. The people were excited. Those who had a few dollars in the banks to those who had invested their thousands in stocks of different kinds. The great men of finance were rushing to their telephones, commanding subordinates to appear before them, and the excitement was increasing. Was it some one of their associates that had fallen through to earth? Had the President of the country died, or what did it all mean? Something far worse than anything yet guessed. One of their own familiar spirits had dared to expose the tricks by which they had amassed their millions.

"Well, why all this excitement here on the planet Venus?" asks one of the members.

Professor Longrin answers: "After all the years that we have taken to perfect our instruments so we could reach the planets and suggest to them better management, giving them our experiences, helping them to originate telegraphs, telephones, everything we could imagine that would civilize them, when, lo and behold, the Great Ruler of the Universe chose a millionaire to expose the whole money scheme, chose one who obtained his money by the same methods that he now denounces. Nothing could be more convincing to the rest of the world that lets other people do their thinking for them, than this. I believe we can leave the results with those who are awakened on a part of the earth at least, and now friends we will direct our effort toward showing them the remedy. The remedy is to organize a society that will protect them from all dangers, poverty heading the list."

WE ARE GOING TO BE INSPECTED.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

(This clipping was taken from a newspaper in the winter of 1905.)

There is something on the cards for this winter of wider interest than social functions, theater parties, Wall street plunges, politics, and even war—it is an inspection of which the whole earth will be the subject. The inspector can already be seen approaching, lantern in hand (for it is a nocturnal job), peeping over the rim of the world at sunset. This inspector is the planet Venus.

Venus, we have excellent reasons for thinking, is a world crowded with intelligent inhabitants, and as, for several months to come, it rises higher every night, and beams more and more brilliantly, we may almost feel the eyes of those inhabitants fixed curiously upon us. For if we think of them, can they fail to think of us?

But their opportunity for observation is far better than ours. It is customary for us to consider other planets only as they present themselves to the earth. Quite as interesting, and infinitely more novel, is it to consider the earth as it presents itself to other planets, and particularly to Venus, its nearest planetary neighbor, and its closest counterpart.

Once grant that there are intelligent beings on Venus and the conclusion follows with irresistible force that they must study our globe with an intensity of interest and application proportional to the ease with which their observations can be made. And this is exactly the particular in which they possess a great advantage over us.

In fact, there is no place in the entire solar system where an astronomer could have so favorable a position for examining another world than his own as he would have on the planet Venus.

The reason is very simple; it is because when Venus is nearest to the earth—about twenty-six million miles away—she lies between the earth and the sun. At that time we cannot see her at all, because our eyes are blinded by the flood of sunshine which envelops her. But, on the other hand, at that time the earth is in the middle of Venus' midnight sky, blazing with light reflected from its continents and oceans and polar snows, and looming so large and splendid that the sight must be unutterably magnificent—such a sight as a terrestrial astronomer would sit up all night to gaze at, and then feel that the swift pace of time had robbed him.

In order to comprehend how great the earth must appear from Venus when the two are in line with the sun, it will only be necessary the coming winter to look at Venus herself, shortly after sundown—at the same time remembering that the splendor which dazzles our eyes comes from but a small fraction of the illuminated surface of that planet, while the earth as seen from Venus will show its whole round face like a full moon!

To my mind there is nothing, not mathematically demonstrable, more certain than that the astronomers of Venus are already preparing for the great spectacle that will adorn their heavens late in the coming winter, when the earth, with its attendant moon, swims in the midnight.

The culmination of the earth must be one of the greatest events in their calendar. Studying it with powerful telescopes, they must long ago have familiarized themselves with the geography and the meteorology of

our planet. Our continents and oceans, and even our groups of islands, our vast river valleys, our mountain chains, must all appear on their school globes of the earth. We have made school globes of Mars, but Mars is far away, and our opportunities for studying his features are insignificant compared with those which the people of Venus have for studying the earth.

To the readers of this book I have this to say: I believe the ideas it contains are a prophecy. Time will prove it if it is so, and every one can do a part towards helping along its fulfillment.

LENA JANE FRY.

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